

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'The Athlete', by Picasso, one of the masterpieces from the São Paulo Museum of Art now on exhibition at the Tate Gallery, London (see page 68)

In this number:

Can the French Union Survive? (Pierre Emmanuel)

The Decline of Lysenko (Eric Ashby)

The Great Tidal Surge of 1953 (J. R. Rossiter)

FROM THE GUINNESS
VARIETY PROGRAMME

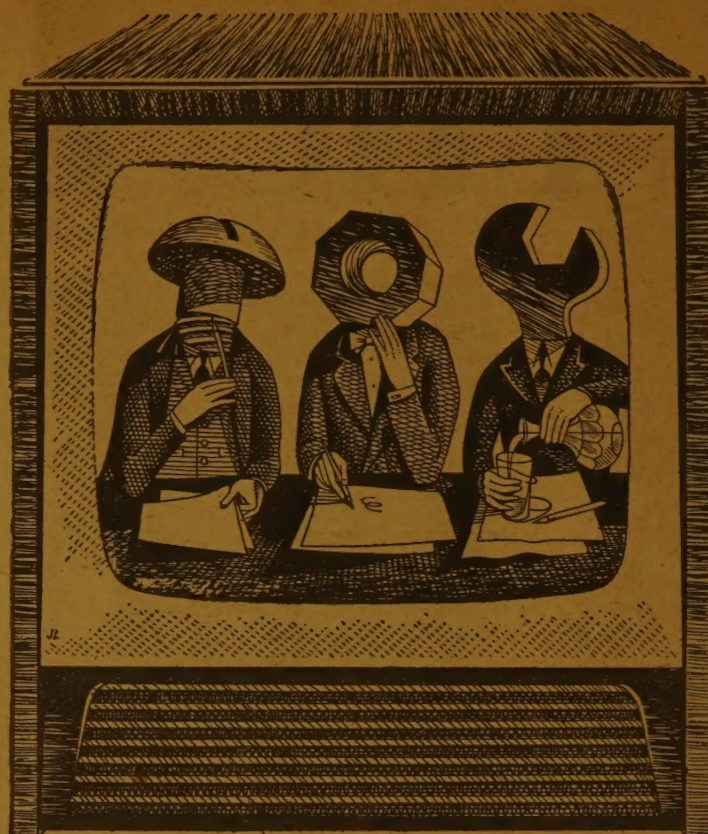
Freddy

WHO SECURED A
REMUNERATIVE POSITION



When Cousin Freddy was Sent Down
He went to seek a job in Town
From Something in the City, who
Was Uncle to a chap he knew.
"At Oxford," said this Great Mogul
"What Flowers of Learning did you cull?"
And Freddy answered, bowing low,
"Dread Sir, they taught me how to row—
Lit. Hum., a shred—some Latin tags,—
A taste in clothing—and for Rags.
But best of all, I found a brew,
Delectable, yet Good for You,
Called Guinness, quite ambrosial stuff—"
The worthy Magnate cried, "Enough!
My boy, it's certain you'll go far.
Come, make a start, and clean my car!"

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The Listener

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Thursday July 8 1954

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Can the French Union Survive?

By PIERRE EMMANUEL

TWENTY years ago, I was taught at school that France possessed a colonial empire measuring 5,000,000 square miles and peopled with 70,000,000 inhabitants. In a textbook published in 1951 I read that France and her territories overseas form the French Union, but the book refers to those territories as 'colonies that France governs'. The title of the chapter has changed, but not the way we think of our 'colonial possessions'. It is a significant pointer to the dilemma with which France is faced: is the French Union more than a mere form of words, or are we to revert to the former imperial attitude?

Absurd as it may seem to anyone aware of France's present difficulties and of world evolution, the return to the colonialist regime has strong supporters among the French conservatives. They treasure the memories of our colonial glory, and believe the best way to preserve French interests is to debar the natives from self-government as long as possible. The failure of French Union up to now—a failure the conservatives are partly responsible for—is their main argument in calling for firm measures against nationalist unrest. This vicious circle has led us near to losing Indo-China and greatly endangers our presence in North Africa. How can the true defenders of the French Union straighten out the situation, and prevent the Union from complete destruction before it becomes a reality?

Let us first examine what the French Union is. According to the preamble of the French Constitution, promulgated in 1946,

'France and her peoples overseas form a Union based upon equality of rights and duties, regardless of races and creeds'. But article VIII specifies that 'the Government of the French Republic is responsible for the policy best suited to the defence of the French Union'. That article is both precise and vague. Vague, for what is needed for the defence of the Union is a matter of interpretation; precise, for it leaves such an interpretation to the Government of the French Republic, whose dominant position is thus constitutionally emphasised. Needless to say, the term French Union still retains an imperial meaning. France in the Union is not *primus inter pares*, like Britain in the Commonwealth, France is the leader who has not yet overcome her nostalgia of having been the master. Different levels of evolution among her peoples overseas should be met with different attitudes, whereas, in fact, the comparative ease with which France keeps absolute control over her less-advanced territories makes it all the more difficult for her—and even psychologically intolerable—not to enforce the same strict authority upon more civilised peoples. Hence the crisis in her relationship with her former colonies, at a time when every local shock is apt to cause a repercussion throughout the whole.

But can the French Union be regarded as a whole? Before the war, France was the landowner of the Empire: both were ruled by a single law, the law of the French Republic. True, the French Empire included the colonies proper, protectorates, and mandated territories: but in practice they were treated in the same way.

All were governed from Paris according to the sacred principle: *La République est une et indivisible*. For the vast majority of French people, every possession France controlled was hers by right of conquest. The treaties of protection as well as the League of Nations' mandates were nothing but legal fictions.

A Step towards Co-operation

As late as February 1944, the Brazzaville Conference, which was studying the future relationship between France and her Empire, reflected a similar state of mind. Yet two years later the French Constitution declared that 'France intends to lead the peoples dependent upon her towards self-administration and democratic management of their own affairs'. Though the words 'self-government' are carefully avoided, a step has been made towards co-operation. Unfortunately, still greater external changes had made the newly born Union an already out-dated idea. How could France be any more the driving force of all the states of the Union? Indo-China—the most advanced, the most densely populated, and the richest of our overseas territories—was on her way to complete freedom, for the Japanese occupation and consequently the loss of French prestige had stirred up the spirit of independence in a people whose *élite*, brought up in the French democratic tradition, gave a powerful impulse to the nationalist movement in their country. Ho Chi-minh's so-called rebellion, which came partly from lack of adaptability and diplomacy on our side, was a blow that stopped dead the progress of French Union. The regime we opposed to him was driven to outbid the nationalist claims. Ho Chi-minh has never formally denounced the principle of French Union, but Viet-Nam threatened many times to do so, until six months ago the Saigon Congress openly rejected it.

Why did the Indo-Chinese crisis make the French Union a nearly still-born plan? Because it foredoomed the failure of any future attempt at pluralist organisation. It strengthened the centralising tendencies that French Union was expected to defeat: to defend its integrity, the French governments started a policy of assimilation which went against geographical and racial imperatives. Algeria was already divided into three *départements* administered like the French ones (*départements* are more or less the counterpart of counties in Britain). Four new *départements* were created overseas: the Reunion Island, Guiana, the Martinique, the Guadeloupe, these three latter to counteract the growing attraction from the American continent. Madagascar, our vast central African possessions, and the other territories scattered all round the world remained directly dependent on Paris. The mandated territories, though not belonging to the French Republic, are ruled as if they were 'part and parcel' of the Republic. Only Morocco and Tunisia, being protectorates, were excluded from the centralising drive: but the awakening of nationalist agitation in both states was followed by a growing interference from the French administration, army, and police.

Yet there exists a theoretical structure of the French Union: its President (who is the President of the French Republic), a High Council, and a French Union Assembly. But they have no real authority: the High Council is not elected and the Assembly has only a consultative power. Moreover, its composition is artificial: the Viet-Nameese members who have, or will soon have, an Assembly of their own, are not interested in the French Union Assembly; neither Tunisia nor Morocco has sent representatives up to now. So circumstances have made the French Union Assembly little more than a sort of African Club.

Behind that empty façade, nearly every territory enjoys a special status, that reflects not only its local problems but its complex relationship with the French Republic. Let us take Algeria, for instance. As part of the Republic, she is artificially cut off from the North African entity. She sends deputies to the National Assembly and the Senate; but those deputies are elected by two separate colleges, so as to ensure the predominance of the European voters. There is no question of sending a crowd of thirty Algerian deputies to the French Parliament: thus, a local assembly has been

created, whose powers are strictly limited and controlled by the Governor. Other parts of the Union have also local assemblies, but those assemblies are not constitutionally defined, they are merely granted by a law voted in the French parliament by an overwhelming majority of metropolitan members. The Union has no constitution of its own; hers is the same as the constitution of the French Republic. Such a confusion is mirrored by the number of various ministries or state organisms dealing with French Union problems. Our overseas *départements* belong to the Ministry of the Interior; Morocco and Tunisia to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; the Associated States (Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia) belong to a special ministry; so do the other territories (*Territoires d'Outre-Mer*). French law being in most respects the law of the Union, every French ministry is more or less interested in extra-metropolitan problems.

Such a puzzle may seem baffling to the British people: it is to us also. France never had any colony like Australia or Canada, peopled with a majority of European whites: none of our possessions is so colossal and homogenous as the Indian sub-continent. Maybe the great number and variety of our colonies, and their protracted state of dependence, are for us a paradoxical handicap. Unlike Britain, we have been confronted only recently with virulent nationalist claims, at the precise time when our decreasing influence in world affairs made it urgent to settle our relationships with our former Empire on a solid basis. Our theoretical good will clashes with the nationalists' impatience. We pretend to make them free according to our pattern of freedom: they want to free themselves according to their own. Thus a minor problem, like the return to India of our Indian possessions, brings forward all the contradictions of our colonial attitude.

Our governments have been rightly accused of dealing with the problems of French Union on a hand-to-mouth basis. Why? Because when our principles do not work, we prefer stagnation to a change in our methods. Has the spell been broken with the coming into power of Mendès-France? Will he solve quickly the two major problems weighing upon the future of the Union—war in Indo-China and mounting tension in the two North African protectorates? Is it still possible to keep Indo-China within the Union? That question does not rest with us only, and not even with the Indo-Chinese. Stronger influences than ours tend to pull Indo-China out of our orbit. Yet it is still possible that the peoples of Indo-China should judge an association with France more advantageous for their freedom in the long run than a Chinese or American alliance. As for the protectorates, we have tried for various reasons to crush down their nationalist movements. We have succeeded only in arousing fierce underground agitation: we are governing in a vacuum and cannot count upon the unco-operative local power.

New Confidence Needed

Some French colonists are blind enough to hope that an Indo-Chinese settlement would set French troops free to maintain order in North Africa. Such a measure would serve only to increase terrorism, to no end. In spite of violent opposition among French reactionary circles, shall we sooner or later talk directly with our only real interlocutors even if we have first to free them from the prisons where our so-called pacification measures have kept them? If we succeed in clearing up the North African mess to the benefit of both sides, that success will give a new confidence to all those whose faith in the French Union has been shaken during the last years. For the French Union will exist only inasmuch as it is desired by its peoples: that desire will induce them to shape the Union according to their mutual needs. The final draft of French Union may wait until progressive adjustments have been completed: but we cannot wait long for a climate of friendly partnership between the Union members. Such a climate depends on men more than on principles. Will those men be true to the hopes put upon them? The future of French Union might rest upon the answer to that question.—*Third Programme*

Milk and Honey?

E. L. MALLALIEU, M.P., on a visit to Israel

IN my first school at Oxford at the age of eight I learned a little rhyme in a Scripture lesson and it ran like this:

Joshua the son of Nunn and Caleb the son of Jephunny
Were the only two who ever got through
To the land of milk and honey.

I often used to picture to myself the nature of this land: rather sticky, but not without its attractions for a small boy with a sweet tooth. Forty years on, I had a chance during the Easter recess to see for myself what this land is like now, thousands of years after the journey of the Israelites through the wilderness.

Palestine, the promised land of the Israelites released from their bondage in Egypt, was a rich, fertile goal; a prize worthy to be suffered for during their forty years in the desert. But after New Testament times, for hundreds of years under Arabs and Turks, large parts of it were allowed to deteriorate into deadly malarial swamp, rocky, barren, naked hillside, or just plain desert. Now, thanks to great efforts under the British Mandatory Government and to thirty years and more of Jewish drive, the swamps are almost gone, and in their place are large fields, plantations and fishponds. Trees are again beginning to clothe the soil-eroded hillsides: and there is corn waving over sizable portions of the former desert.

How has this transformation been achieved? Most of the immigrants who have come to the country to rebuild their national home have arrived almost destitute. Only a tiny proportion had been brought up to manual work of any kind—practically none to agriculture. Had they been placed on the inhospitable land available, without tools, housing, and agricultural skill, and left to themselves, they would have failed hopelessly in their purpose. But they were not left to themselves. They were looked after by organisations financed by world Jewry. They were formed into groups, in reception camps in Israel. They were subjected to intense training to enable them to adapt themselves, and fired with a zeal to make a success of their new life. As soon as a particular group was considered fit to face on its own the rigours of the new

environment it was sent out to its allotted land. On old army lorries piled full of tents, arms, tools, building materials, food, and, finally, themselves, the community—of perhaps some 100 souls—embarked upon its future to form a *kibbutz* or collective farm. All these men and women felt that on their success depended not only their own lives but the hopes of millions of their brethren still in the outside world.



General view of an Israeli *kibbutz*

Some of these communities started before the British Mandate ended and have existed for over twenty years. When the settlers first came here the hills were just a wilderness of rock and scrub from which goats achieved a precarious but certainly well-earned livelihood. Today, the same hills present a lovely sight.

All this material success was obvious to the eye. But the great question mark in my mind was: 'What is it really like, living in a *kibbutz*?' I must say I was pretty horrified when I heard that the children were separated from their parents, that the whole place was ruled by committees, and that no individual member was allowed to have any money of his own. It all sounded to me like a cross between a barracks and a beehive. I stayed in one of these at Ma'ayan Zvi, where the foot-hills of the south-western end of the Mount Carmel range rise abruptly from the coastal plain. Dotted over the hillside are the bungalows of the members of the *kibbutz*, the red-brown tiles of their roofs nestling among shady evergreens and luxuriant, flowering trees and shrubs. They are solidly built in the warm colour of the local stone and surrounded by the colourful fragrance of neatly kept gardens and shady paths. Up here, too, are the dining hall and library with their windows facing out west over the two miles of coastal plain. The plain itself is a patchwork of large, rectangular fields of every variety of green and yellow with occasional wind-breaks of eucalyptus, poplar, and cypress. And to think that before the Jews came this was a malarial swamp and a white man's grave!

I arrived on the day of Passover. How I wish you could have seen it! The spring had just burst out in its full vigour. The sun was warm but not too hot—in fact, like it is supposed to be in England on a summer's day. It was, of course, a holiday. Carefree people reclined in deck-chairs under the shady evergreens. Children were playing



Children's orchestra in a *kibbutz*

among the flowers, and a happier more healthy looking crowd it would be hard to imagine.

I was taken at once to the dining hall for lunch and introduced to the elected head of the *kibbutz*. There he was, beaming cheerfully over his white apron, for it was his turn to serve at table, a task undertaken by all members in rotation. It was a jolly good meal that we had—entirely 'off the peg'. And I particularly remember an iced sweet made of their own bananas and sour milk. Later on, I was shown all over the farm, fields, domestic buildings, and children's quarters. I talked for hours with men and women members, on the nature and organisation of the *kibbutz*, and how it works and plays and how it pays its way. And I saw how the children are in fact only partially segregated, according to age groups, in *crèche*, kindergarten, and school. At every stage they are in the care of skilled, trained men and women who have chosen child care as their work, and who have been sent out to learn their job at the expense of the settlement. So, for the most part, children are surrounded by people of their own age: but after the work of the farm stops, at five o'clock each evening, until bedtime—and on all Sabbaths and holidays—the children go to their own parents.

Thus, on this Passover holiday the parents were to be seen pushing their babies in prams or playing with their children on the lawns amongst the trees. In the houses they were reading together or doing needlework—in fact, doing all the things parents and children like to do together, when the parents have time. And I thought the relationship between parents and children was as good here as anywhere. On the debit side, I feel that eating in one's own home, with one's own children, is one of the most significant features of home life. But perhaps I am a little old-fashioned in this.

In the *kibbutz* all members are equal, save that those who have been members longest have the choice of the best houses. No member has any money of his own. All he once had has gone to the community. If any member is left a large sum by a rich relative, he must decide whether to give it to the *kibbutz* or to leave and keep the money.

The *kibbutz* is governed by its members, who elect an executive committee to manage their day-to-day affairs. Other committees are also elected to manage specific activities of the community, and these are all responsible, ultimately, to the General Meeting of Members. The relationship of the member with his fellows is regulated by the Members' Personal Committee, which sorts out and settles any difficulties which may arise between members. If he is unsatisfied, the member can leave the *kibbutz*; taking with him the share in it to which his service has entitled him. You may imagine the zeal for a cause that is needed to throw in one's lot with a community like this.

A very important committee is the agricultural one—naturally, for it plans the main work of the community. It has sub-committees which manage the dairy herd, the poultry, the fishing, and specialised cultivations, such as bananas. The fishing side was a new one to me. The fishponds down on the plain look like, and indeed for part of the year are, ordinary fields. But they have banks round them to hold in the water. Young fish are introduced from nurseries, and in the early winter they are harvested and the ponds are emptied, manured, and ploughed up. Then, either a cereal crop is taken off them or, if desirable, a green crop is grown and ploughed in—for the land must be kept in good heart if the fish crop is to thrive on it, just as it must if it is to yield well under any other crop.

The fine dairy herd is kept in a covered yard, for there is practically no pasture as we understand the word. Their fodder is carted to them

and the manure carted away to the fields. The cows are a cross between Friesians and the local Damascene breed. They look very much like Friesians and are good milkers, and the cross with the Damascene enables them to withstand the heat.

The poultry, too, never have free range because of jackals and other beasts of prey, but they are kept by the thousand in long sheds, with slatted floors, running along the contours of the steep slope of the hill. It is an easy matter to cart away the manure by bringing carts right under the floors on the lower sides of the sheds. A former Doctor of Laws from Vienna was in charge of the poultry when I visited Ma'ayan Zwi. He looked like a burly yokel, now, and could tell me all about the health of his birds and why so few diseases attacked them; and he carted manure with the best of them.

Then there is a Works Committee which erects and maintains existing buildings: and a good job they have done. The new school would do credit to a progressive educational authority anywhere in western Europe; and this beautiful building has been put up for forty children at a cost of £6,000 by this community of agricultural workers consisting of 100 homes. Not bad work, that! I wonder how many rural communities of 100 homes in our country could take that in their stride. These pioneers have rationalised their lives, in such ways as communal feeding and marketing, so that now they are able to afford even such expenditure as this.

Something that struck me most forcibly was that the *kibbutzniks* have solved the problem of old age. Every *kibbutznik* may bring his parents into the community. The young man who was allotted to take care of me was on leave from the army at the time, so had no particular work to do. He had his parents in a small, easily managed apartment. They looked out over the



Members of a *kibbutz* at work in their fishpond

flowers to the plain and the sea: they were surrounded by their own possessions and a splendid library, and the old man pursued his hobby of botany. These old people do just as much or as little work as they like. Generally, they look after the gardens in the settlement. They have no feeling of being a burden on their children: they contribute to the community what they have to offer—serenity and wisdom. And they receive from it the care they require.

And another thing that struck me was that as a result of the rationalisation of their lives they are no longer the slaves which so many of our small farmers are. For many years, I worked a small farm with my own two hands, and I know what it is never to be able to leave for a holiday: to be at the mercy of sickness—especially where livestock are concerned. All day, all night sometimes, one is at the work. I know my cows always seemed to calve on Sunday; and the bees always chose the week-end for swarming. The better the day the better the swarm, I suppose the wretches thought. In the *kibbutz*, where there are many willing hands, shifts can be arranged without overburdening anyone: so that even the care of livestock is no longer the serfdom it can be on the small family farm with us.

It must have been tough at first, pioneering in that difficult land, unfortunately surrounded by hostile neighbours. And, remember, these men were almost all new to manual work, with little or no practical experience of the land. But now, after the initial efforts, and the years of hardship, illness, and danger, the milk and honey is beginning to flow: and, happily, there are many Joshuas and Calebs to enjoy it, after their weary sojourn in the wilderness—*Home Service*

A recent addition to the World's Classics series is *South African Explorers*, selected and introduced by Eric Axelson (O.U.P. 5s.).

The Hydrogen Bomb—VII

The Moral Problem

By DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

TO the Christian this present terrestrial life is the preparation for the real life to which the human race is called. The world is an arena of moral choice. A human life is a succession of situations involving moral responsibility and moral choice, and, provided the world offers this, it is perfect for its essential purpose.

The Christian paradox is that the world is perfect provided it is imperfect, a place of trial and testing in which men can discern and seek to fulfil the will of God. It is sustained in existence, the Christian believes, like the life of each creature in it, by the will and power of God; and the whole, no less than each individual life, continues at the discretion of its Creator. God is not thought of as outside the arena, watching the results of the moral athletics, and rewarding the successful. The heart of the Christian religion is the doctrine of the Incarnation, of the Divine becoming human and sharing our nature to redeem it and raise it. The Christian can never see the history of man as only part of the natural process; he can see human wills at work, but he believes that they are not the only, or the most important, wills engaged; that the invisible universe is much fuller and richer in beings than the visible; that there are the good angels and the bad, whom we call devils, interacting with men; and God Himself in ceaseless correspondence with men, in proportion as they choose to seek Him through prayer, the raising up of the mind and heart to God; but also when they are not seeking Him.

Cut off from Grace

Of the Israelites in captivity in Egypt we read that Pharaoh's heart was hardened, and we must think that the amount of light in the human understanding and of goodness in the human heart is variable, and that it varies with the prayers of men; and that those whose minds are dark and whose hearts are hard, men like Hitler and Himmler, who had at the best false consciences and at the worst were sinning against the light they knew, were left in their moral condition because they cut themselves off from sanctifying grace, but also because their whole generation—and its forerunner—had, in different, less dramatic ways, done the same. The Christian believes in the power of prayer, in the greatest as in the smallest events; he sees history as full of scourges and suffering from the misuse of human freedom, but also as full of deliverances. However, there is no sort of guarantee that devout and heartfelt prayers will ensure escape from any of the miseries which men can inflict upon each other. The Old and New Testaments are full of the idea of the destruction of whole peoples collectively for collective sins, and of the generations paying for those before them; of seventy years' captivity for apostate Israel, although Israel had been used for the destruction of idolators like the priests of Baal.

If the hydrogen bomb should be like the Flood, the destruction of many, it would, we must admit, be fully in the logic of the Old Testament; for we cannot deny that twentieth-century man is on the whole an apostate from the beliefs of his fathers. But those men in the New Testament, on whom the Tower of Siloe fell, were not being punished for their own or their fathers' sins. The notion of death as a punishment is counterbalanced by the notion of death as not a punishment at all, but of the giver of earthly life calling in a gift that had its temporary character stamped on it from the first. For the Christian, death in itself cannot be thought of as an evil, only death in sin as leading to eternal death.

Inside these considerations, which are part of the framework in which the Christian sees his own and every other life, the appearance of the hydrogen bomb must be, I venture to think, very much less alarming than it is for those who believe only in humanity and this earthly life. Such humanists reduce the idea of the providential to the notion of the fortuitous and do not believe in the power of prayer.

For thirty years and more now, the Catholic Church throughout the world has prayed at the end of every Mass every day for Russia, and this is the chief thing we can do in the hope of bringing about that change which will make them turn to the service of the Living God. Over and over again in the story of the spread of the Christian religion

it has happened that the most ferocious enemies of the Gospel have become in a generation the most ardent Christians. It was so with the Northmen and the Slavs and Magyars; it might be called the general pattern of northern Europe. In the presence of a people like the Russians, who have been Christians for a thousand years and longer—this year is the 900th anniversary of the schism which separated the Eastern from the Western Latin Church—we can see a single generation of atheist and materialist rule in proportion, as something we should be very shortsighted to accept as final and definite. It must be the Christian hope, as it is the Christian prayer, that the Russians will return formally to the Christian family.

This is one way the world could outlive its crisis. But, in the meantime, it is no good trying to disguise the harsh truth that the war we are thinking about and guarding against would be the most thorough war of conquest. Communists do not want, as kings and princes used to want, merely to step into the shoes of those they defeated, without changing the kind of society over which they would rule. On the contrary, the conquest of territory is desired in order to make possible the conquest of minds and hearts and wills; to change the human beings brought into subjection; and it is precisely because the struggle is in such fundamental terms that the danger is the greater, that every kind of weapon would be used to win it. It was always easier to humanise war when war was for limited purposes, inside conceptions of society common to both sides. But when everything is at stake, men will more readily use every means to conquer or to save themselves from being conquered.

Wars between Christians have been full of brutalities and horrors—it is sufficient to mention one that rose out of the Reformation and Counter-Reformation, the Thirty Years' War in Germany. Yet we can feel confident that Christian governments at war with each other would never go to the lengths of indiscriminate massacre which the hydrogen bomb makes possible. I say this because I believe it; but, like Dr. Johnson wishing for more evidence of the immortality of the soul, I could wish for more historical evidence to support this conviction.

We have a grave enough warning in what happened in the last war about area bombing as Britain and America, with their humane and civilised governments, came little by little to practise it. At the outset in 1939, the British Government announced that it would attack only strictly military objectives. But, in the end, the atom bomb was dropped on Japan, with the argument that it would shorten the war and save lives. Six years of war, of evidence of cruelty, unscrupulousness, and ambition of the enemy, of the difficulty of obtaining such a superiority as would give victory, led governments as humane and civilised as those of Britain and America all that distance away, and down, from the intentions with which the British Government had set out in 1939. We bombed with increasing lack of discrimination from 1942 onwards, largely because we could attack in no other way. It is a relevant story because it could all so easily happen again in another and vastly more destructive and catastrophic setting.

Playing into Communist Hands?

Already today, when voices are raised saying the new bombs should be outlawed, and that Britain and America should declare they will never use them, the answer comes from statesmen and generals that any such declarations would play into the hands of the communists, because these weapons are all we have to oppose the vast superiority of the other side in man-power and permanently mobilised forces. If the answer of the west is to decline the military burden of maintaining such vast forces and to rely upon deterrent hydrogen bombs, this seems to me to raise a very serious question, especially for Christians in the western camp; if we really aim at seeing that weapons of mass destruction are not used, must we not face the burden of possessing both those very costly weapons, and plenty of orthodox armaments, soldiers and their ground equipment, at the same time? We dare not leave a monopoly of hydrogen bombs to the other camp. But are we not

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The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

Pallid Juliet

IN his broadcast talk reviewing the book *The European Inheritance* (which is printed on another page) Mr. Barraclough, the lively Professor of Medieval History at Liverpool, tells us that Sir Ernest Barker does not regard Europe as a corpse; Europe, like Juliet, is stiff and pallid in a death-like trance—but may yet awake. Certainly we all must hope so. The book under review, a sound if somewhat flat co-operative venture, such as we have learned to expect from our ancient universities, appears to be written, however objectively, under the influence of the liberalism of the nineteenth century, when England was still painting the map red, when the appearance of a gunboat could subdue the South Americans or the Chinese, and when speeches in the House of Commons were frequently bedecked with Greek and Latin tags. This conception of a Europe which governed the world and passed on a precious cultural heritage to less enlightened peoples, stemmed, as Professor Barraclough pointed out once in another broadcast, from the German historian, Ranke; in spite of the fact that the European nations were habitually at war with one another Ranke envisaged and pictured a European 'unity'; in the middle ages Europe was seen united either by the Emperor or by the Papacy and in modern times by a mystic but occasionally existent Concert. And the idea of Europe transmitting the classical culture and the Christian religion from generation to generation, was clearly expressed in the *History of Europe* completed by that fine scholar, Dr. H. A. L. Fisher, before he died.

The present co-operative history is written in a new era when two world wars have shown that Europe, though still a cockpit, has ceased to be the centre of either events or cultures. The classical heritage and Christianity are on the decline; Russia, the United States, and perhaps China dominate the world scene by reason of their vast populations, and wealth, actual or potential. Russia, though in Europe, is not a strictly European Power in the old liberal-historical sense; 'scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar'; and the United States is a compound of many elements from the Japanese of California to the Negroes in the Old South. To these Powers and peoples the European inheritance is shadowy and remote. And if, as some authors appear to think, parliamentary democracy is an important element in the European tradition, then it has made a very incomplete impression outside the western hemisphere.

There are some who think that history is an exact science, others who think that history must be rewritten from epoch to epoch. Clearly a history of Europe written in the nineteen-fifties must be different in its point of view from that written in the eighteen-nineties. Today, when we in Europe are no longer the masters of the earth, we have become more cynical or—shall one say?—more modest. Indeed, one sometimes wonders if the European inheritance is not something of a myth that we have invented to bolster up our own pride. Can it not be argued, as Professor Toynbee has suggested, that the impact of the world upon Europe has been at least as significant historically as the impact of Europe on the world? Christianity came from the east; the classical tradition from the south; much of our early mathematics from the Mahomedans. Maybe if we looked at world history afresh, the scales might drop from our eyes. And if they did, we might be able to face the future more realistically.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Mr. Chou's visit to Delhi

THE PROBLEM OF PEACEFUL co-existence was examined by commentators in both west and east, against the background of the *communiqué* published after the Washington talks and also the joint declaration published after the Nehru-Chou talks in Delhi. Communist commentators in many countries hailed the Delhi talks as a 'historic event', showing that relations between communist China and non-communist India were based on 'peaceful co-existence', and claiming that Asian nations saw in the joint declaration 'their charter of freedom and new life'. A Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* commented:

The difference in aim between the talks in Delhi and in Washington is obvious, and public opinion will draw the proper conclusions.

Broadcasts from Moscow, like broadcasts from other communist sources (and also from India itself), welcomed this new demonstration of Indian-Chinese friendship, which was 'developing for the benefit of all Asia'. Communist broadcasts also hailed the stresses and strains in Anglo-American friendship, which were said to have been glossed over in the Washington *communiqué*. Anti-American propaganda reached a new pitch of intensity last week in broadcasts from Moscow and other communist sources. Transmissions from India, quoting Indian newspapers, welcomed the signs that 'Britain, who at one time seemed to have unquestionably accepted the lead of the U.S., is at present pursuing an independent foreign policy'. On the Delhi talks, the Indian paper *National Herald* was quoted as follows:

These conversations signal the dawn of a new era in the history of Asia. They have revealed a striking similarity of outlook between the two largest countries of Asia on the question of peace in Indo-China and in Asia as a whole. Friendship between India and China can be a tremendous factor for peace in Asia and the world, and the Sino-Indian agreement on Tibet has shown the way to other countries.

Some western commentators pointed out that the suggestions that the Tibetan treaty should be a model for the rest of Asia would have been more palatable if it had come before, and not after, the Chinese conquest of Tibet.

Another Indian newspaper *Amrita Bazar Patrika* was quoted as follows:

Whereas the gaze of the Prime Ministers of India and China, in spite of their ideological differences, is unfalteringly fixed on collective peace, the gaze of the U.S. President and British Prime Minister, despite a much-talked-of difference, is fixed on collective security. If, in the absence of an acceptable agreement on Indo-China emerging from Geneva, the South-east Asia defence organisation is set up, it will be an organisation for the defence of colonialism and as such will be suspect in the eyes of the people of this region.

According to a Hungarian broadcast, the U.S.A.'s 'stubborn and senseless war policy' had been instrumental in forging the 'bond of common interest' between India and China. A Czechoslovak broadcast stated that two 'independent and immense countries, until recently subjected to imperialist and colonial oppression', had assumed the leadership of Asian nations and formed a common barrier against the imperialist war plans. India was 'quickly creating an honourable tradition of a democratic world power'. According to an east German broadcast, the peoples of India and Burma had greeted Chou as 'the victor over the U.S. conception that Asia should dance to Washington's tune'. A Yugoslav broadcast deplored the U.S. reaction to the Delhi talks in the form of the motion adopted by the U.S. House of Representatives Committee for Foreign Affairs to deny aid to a country concluding a non-aggression pact with the Asian communists. It went on:

Who can wish for anything else but a non-aggression pact between India and China? It would be quite wrong to assume that this rapprochement . . . amounts to a surrender of India's and Burma's policy of neutrality or the creation of some rival anti-American bloc, led by China. . . . The fact that India and Burma are getting nearer to their Chinese neighbour implies not political naivete on their part, but recognition of China's willingness to co-operate.

From Australia, the *Sydney Morning Herald* was quoted as saying that nothing could be better calculated to reinforce the British attitude towards Asia than Chou's visit to India and Burma and the welcome he received in India. It went on:

It is increasingly evident that to many non-communist Asians Mr. Chou appears not as a communist aggressor to be guarded against, but as an Asian leader to be honoured.

Did You Hear That?

HOW TO BE A DRAMATIC CRITIC

SPEAKING OF dramatic criticism in 'London Calling Asia' PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE said: 'One is sometimes asked: what about the question of age? One is most often asked it by artists who after long careers begin to "go off" a little and find a younger generation of critics to be described as "pip-squeaks" and "whippersnappers" rising up to point out faults. It cuts both ways. An elderly critic may have a mellower judgment but less flexibility. A young critic may have fewer comparative standards but be fresher. For a review of a new opera by, say, Benjamin Britten, would you trust Rash Youth or Crabbed Old Age?

'Myself, I don't believe actual years come into it so much: in some ways I feel I was as good (or if you like as bad) at criticising Shakespearean acting at eighteen as I am at forty-two. I feel that I could always have told you, as I think I still can, whether a singer is "any good" after half a dozen notes. And though it sounds conceited, I think that some other people, never mind how old or erudite, just will never have that instantaneous knowledge. (No wonder that as a fraternity we madden the public!)

'A common complaint is that while art and artistry are "creative", a critic is a sterile creature, indeed worse: a sort of meretricious pander battenning on the work of the starving artist. I deny this utterly. Criticism is creative in exactly the same way as the interpreting of Bach or Shakespeare is creative: art refracted through a personality.

'The trick of keeping your head while sharing your heart is emphatically something which you can learn or cultivate. People sometimes say: "Oh, doesn't it spoil your enjoyment of a play, knowing you've got to write about it?" The answer is: it would, if I couldn't somehow simultaneously play the part of judge (unswayed by emotion) and also the part of anguished onlooker, with his heart in his mouth.

'In this connection there is a theory that the standard of dramatic criticism would be higher if critics were given longer to write in. There is some truth in that: fifty years ago a critic could keep the sub-editors and printers waiting all night if he wanted to. But I believe there is some virtue, too, in the hasty judgment, strange though that may sound: I believe that what one writes (as it were) hot from the smell of the theatre is often better than the cautiously considered essay, on which one has "slept". But I may here be arguing from a special point of view: the literary critic, or the film critic who is not in contact with a live audience or a live performer and who merely sits with a gang of other critics in the dark, may have very different views about the speed with which they think it best to throw off their judgments. The theatre, opera house and concert hall are a different world. But I have not found that one's views alter greatly and the alleged infamy of "snap" criticism, done in haste on the night (which no less a monster than Dr. Goebbels made it his business to forbid) is much exaggerated.

'In some countries a critic's function is closely defined. He must lead the benighted public towards the enjoyment of officially approved art. This does not, happily, obtain in Britain. I should say that a critic's function here should confine itself to upholding any standards achieved, as far as possible; and in denouncing the bogus (the public is gullible and certain people are always out to make them pay for trash and shoddy), and, above all, in extending the gamut, the range, of taste.

'Other than that, the rules are those of all professions, honesty being essential. Nothing spreads boredom as much as critics pretending to like what they do not. Perhaps the profession which most resembles that of the dramatic critic (except, alas! that it is much better paid) is the dentist's. Sober, punctual, and inspiring of confidence, he will tell you no lies (a dentist who lies is a monster), get quickly to the root of the matter, give as little pain as necessary and, all being well, leave a pleasant taste in the mouth!'

CHELSEA ARTISTS ON VIEW

Speaking of the sixth exhibition by Chelsea artists at the Chenil Gallery EDWARD HALLIDAY said in 'The Eye-witness': 'Chelsea the world over is famous for its china, its buns, and its artists. The china and buns may now be things of the past, and the borough itself has grown and thrived more than somewhat since the days when this pleasant township first attracted people who wanted peace to write and to paint.

But mulberry trees still blossom and bear fruit in gardens there, and the artists remain. Poets and painters there are elsewhere in England, but to be a Chelsea artist is still, isn't it, to be the real thing? And so, though there are societies of local artists in most communities throughout the country and annual exhibitions of their work, a society of Chelsea artists has a special importance and significance, far beyond the confines of its locality.

'Because, too, so many of its members and others who exhibit with them—all professionals by the way—belong to bodies like the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, the Royal Society of British Artists, the Royal Society of British Sculptors, and so on, a few even to the Royal Academy, the standard of these exhibitions at the Chenil Gallery is high



'Venice' by Norman Hepple, A.R.A., from the exhibition 'Artists of Chelsea' at the Chenil Gallery

indeed. The big men do not always send their most important work, that is understandable, this they keep for the big occasions at Burlington House and such-like palaces of art, but here in Chelsea you see the work they have done for love. Drawings and landscapes by the portrait painters Henry Carr and James Proudfoot, for instance. A lovely little Venetian scene by Norman Hepple, whose conversation pieces in this year's Royal Academy won him election to that august body. A coronation crowd in Pall Mall by John Napper; a picture of a beech wood by David Shepherd whose paintings of aeroplanes are outstanding in the Aviation Exhibition at Guildhall. And there is a staggering portrait by Simon Elwes of the Society's honorary secretary, Bernard Adams—more penetrating and full of character than many others from his distinguished brush. I can imagine the sitter saying to his friend, "Here I am, Simon. Do your worst". And the result is Simon's best. Bernard Adams himself exhibits a fine flower painting and a picture of some bathers in the green shade of a leafy country river.

'Some of the exhibitors have sent purely characteristic work, of course, and there are typical water-colours by Sydney Causar, a painting of the Borghese Gardens by Charles Cundall, pastel portraits by James Grant, a crowded seashore by Stanley Grimm, a really beautiful nude—a girl lying reading by a window—by A. K. Browning, and a portrait of Isabel Jeans, by Flora Lion, which is full of sensitive feminine insight. There is sculpture, too, and Charles Vyse has quite a display of his pottery—his famous cats, and some of those sought-after pots which his friends call "Vyse's Vases".

'Perhaps I ought to warn you. There's hardly anything "modernistic" about this exhibition, nothing difficult or experimental, no wrought-iron or bent-wire sculpture, no striving for effect, no attempt to "knock 'em in the Old King's Road". Just honest craftsmanship and decent humility before nature. A bright, gay exhibition, in a bright, gay gallery'.

FASHIONS IN FILM HEROINES

'Much less of an all-round athlete than she used to be, considerably older, and far more often encumbered (or blessed) with children: that is today's film heroine compared with her forerunners', said E. ARNOT ROBERTSON in 'Woman's Hour'. 'Pearl White, "peerless and fearless", flourished in my early childhood. What could she not do in the physical field? Pearl herself dived, climbed, skated, and rode superbly. Nowadays, if you want to make a swimming film you must practically get Esther Williams; a skating picture requires Sonja Henie; and if riding comes in a great deal, you think inevitably of Elizabeth Taylor or Barbara Stanwyck when casting. But not in Pearl White's day. A film heroine then was versatile enough to cover the whole range herself. Which makes it still more surprising, looking back, to recall how completely subservient she was to men.'

'Here is one of the most interesting changes in the film heroine's development through the years: the slow progress towards the freedom enjoyed by the star of today to bash an assailant over the head with a bottle, under suitable provocation, without losing the sympathy of the audience. Pearl White could not even deliver a well-directed kick when set upon by bad men, for all her magnificent physical prowess. In that wonderful serial film "The Exploits of Elaine", never did it occur to her to resist male dominance by force. If the villain proposed to get her in a sack, into a sack she went, with the most perfunctory movements of protest. Nor did she ever free herself by her own efforts; the hero must do that, galloping up in the nick of time.'

"Women are what men make them"—this idea ruled the evolution of the heroine in the screen's early days, not only physically but spiritually. Immediately after the first world war came "Broken Blossoms", "Way Down East", "Orphans of the Storm" and other pictures. The girls in these were very young and very, very innocent; the married, or in any other way experienced, heroine is a relatively recent development. Always through their better nature the waif-heroines of those days trusted men and were betrayed, they went utterly to the bad, they were redeemed (sometimes) by a good man's love, but in every case it was what the male did with them, to them, or for them that really mattered.

'After the era of the stalwart but sub-missive heroine, and the pathetic-waif heroine, came the turn of the cosy heroine, the essentially nice girls, everyone's sweet-hearts. Mary Pickford was the model in "Daddy Long Legs", with a long list of successors. How they jumped, to signify pleasure, hope, *joie de vivre*, and especially to welcome the sight of flowers, puppies, kittens, or the loved one. Not with great athletic bounds, as Pearl White might have done, but in little hops, generally from side to side, accompanied by pretty, soundless hand clapping. If you see a revival of an early epic featuring one of the Gishes, you will notice that in the absence of speech there was hardly a female emotion that could not be translated into little jumps.

'Then sex-appeal came in. I think, as far as the cinema was concerned, that Theda Bara really invented it. The early vamp,

limited by absence of colour in her use of make-up, relied on a terrific thickness of mascara as a symbol of vamphood. A woman with a lot of make-up round the eyes was, between the wars, apparently irresistible'.

SALLY LOVED CHOCOLATE AND BEER

'One of the first badgers I ever had was brought to me by a game-keeper friend', said JOHN SANKEY in a talk in the Home Service. 'She was a little cub, or earth-pig as the young of the badger is called. Her coarse coat was light grey above and darker below, her white face had the characteristic two black stripes with a small, black, beady eye peering out of each. The little black ears were tipped with white, the short, greyish tail was square cut, and her powerful, broad, digging legs were clothed with short black hair. Her little nose snuffled noisily as she anxiously tried to catch a scent of everything around her. She weighed only four pounds—most adults weigh about twenty-five—and her second teeth were just beginning to appear.'

'The first thing she did was to give my finger a good nip, after which we became firm friends. In a day or two Sally—as she was called—would follow me everywhere, running close to my heels and giving little shrill yelps if I went too fast and she got left behind.'

'At first I fed her on diluted cow's milk with a little glucose or sugar added and occasionally a few drops of cod-liver oil, as well. She suckled greedily from a baby's bottle, sitting up on her hindquarters to reach it and putting a forepaw on each side of the teat. But soon she was able to take solid food. She ate anything and everything, her appetite was insatiable and this made feeding her easy. Any sort of meat, cooked or raw, pastry, biscuits, cake, sweets—and how she loved chocolate—in fact anything edible to a human being seemed all right for Sally.'

'She soon became very tame and accompanied me everywhere. I took her for long car rides and she sat beside me and never caused any trouble or danger. When I got out to keep a business appointment Sally jumped out too and followed me round the fields and woods to the astonishment of the farmers whose land I had to see. There was nothing to prevent her going off to the woods and never coming back. If I had to leave Sally in the car she would always climb into the back and go to sleep—usually lying on her back on the floor.'

'It was interesting to see her reactions to unfamiliar situations and how quickly she could learn. I taught her to beg in about two months. She would sit up on her hindquarters and utter a low, continuous guttural purr until she was given something to eat. Another of my male badgers would sip wine—no doubt he liked it for its sweetness. Sally preferred a quarter of a pint of beer and, strange to relate, it had no effect on her.'

'Cleanliness is the rule with the badger—personal cleanliness and cleanliness about its surroundings, too—and the tame ones do not lose the instinct. They are absolutely no trouble if they are kept under reasonable conditions. Another observation I have made on several of my badgers is their habit of stretching when they first get out of bed. One of my badgers had a unique way of stretching himself. He crawled sleepily out of his hutch when I called him and waited for me to pick him up, which I did by holding him under his front legs, and then he let the weight of his body stretch itself, and at the same time he stiffened his front legs and splayed out the digits, and usually yawned right in my face'.



Pearl White 'enters the Paris sewers' in the film 'Terror'
National Film Library



Mary Pickford in 'Through the Back Door'
National Film Library

The Case for Take-over Bids

By HAROLD COWEN

THERE is said to be a take-over bid when some individual, or company, offers to buy a controlling interest in a concern whose shares are held by the public. Take-over is merely a modern word for an old trick. In one form or another, they have been taking place ever since the beginning of joint-stock public finance. Indeed, they may be regarded as one manifestation of the efficient working of the system. Many of our large public companies have been built up by such methods; and a nationalised industry used the technique only recently when British Railways acquired the shares of the Pullman Car Company.

Amoral Methods?

It is not bids of that sort—where the bidder is in the same business as the company he is bidding for—which have attracted so much criticism in the last year or two. What seems, to many, amoral, if not downright immoral, is when someone who has never been heard of in the trade appears out of the blue, gains control of a company against the opposition of the existing directors simply by making an attractive offer to buy the shares from the existing shareholders, and then proceeds to exploit the new situation for his own benefit.

When such a buyer gains control of a company, by buying a sufficient proportion of the vote-carrying shares, he usually reconstitutes the board of directors with his own nominees. Within limits, he can then arrange the affairs of the concern to suit his own purposes. He may, and in practice often does, close down all or part of the business and realise the properties and other assets. Then, either by re-organising the capital of the company or putting it into liquidation, he achieves the result that the money from the sales goes into the hands of the new shareholders—that is to say, mostly to himself as the holder of the predominant share interest. The name and goodwill of the business may be sold to another concern in the same trade. Or it may just be allowed to die if there is no trade buyer.

There are many variations of the technique in which the business may be carried on after the take-over. One type of operation is the sale and leasing back of properties. Take, for instance, a retail store chain. The taker-over arranges to sell the shops to an insurance company, which then leases them back to the retail company. Thus, the new set-up is that the insurance company becomes the landlord and draws rent. The retail company continues to trade from the same shops: but now it has to pay rent out of its trading profits. As before, the capital sum realised by the sales of the properties may be available for return to the shareholders, that is to say, in the main, the taker-over.

Some people, quite understandably, look on all this sort of thing as nothing more than financial skulduggery, mere feckless manipulation, which squanders resources—to the detriment of the business—solely for the aggrandisement and profit of the financiers who have instigated the whole transaction. And the revulsion of feeling is aggravated by the fact that the profits made by the latter may sometimes be large and in the nature of capital increment, not liable to income and surtax.

My description of take-overs so far has been bald to the point of being unfair. But that is the way in which take-over deals are often represented. Before outlining some of the very weighty arguments in favour of them I should make it clear that, while it is my intention to present the matter objectively, I am not wholly disinterested—in that I have been concerned in these affairs myself.

As far as the economists and financial journalists are concerned, they, almost to a man, are in favour of take-over bids. The economic case for them—in essence—is that they break up situations in which potentially productive assets are locked up and inadequately employed. As an illustration, I may take the case, founded on fact, of an old-established textile mill.

The plant and premises of this company stood in its balance sheet at low values. In bygone years, it had accumulated substantial investment holdings and its properties had been bought at pre-war prices. Thus, although the mill was not very well equipped by modern

standards and not efficient technically, it managed to show a modest profit on the nominal capital of the company—owing to low charges for depreciation, income from investments, and the occupation of properties without paying rent or interest. The business was jogging along in its good old way; the directors were well liked and respected locally; the staff was happy. The fact that the assets were not fully productive did not bother the shareholders. Indeed, they were hardly aware of the fact until someone appeared and made a bid for the shares well above the then ruling market price.

The newcomer duly obtained control of the company—against the opposition of the directors. He proceeded at once to close down the textile business completely. He sold the plant and machinery for what it would fetch. He sold some of the properties and all the investments. Then he let the mill to a light-engineering company on a long lease and, having done that, he sold the lease for a large capital sum to an insurance company.

The amounts realised by the sale of all these assets accumulated in the coffers of the company. He then used his voting control to wind it up. The money he received on his shareholding, as a result of the liquidation, showed him a handsome surplus over the sum he originally paid for the shares. And having bust up the show he retired from the scene, having no interest either in textiles or light engineering.

The human beings engaged in that concern were most seriously affected. Some of the older people had to retire. The employees, as a whole, had the alternative of finding other jobs locally—a good many with the new light-engineering company—or moving to different parts of the country. Looked at in one way, a very pleasant local establishment had been broken up, much personal hardship had been caused—and the financial intruder had made off with his profit.

Now look at what has happened from another point of view. A part of the nation's assets had been locked up in that old-fashioned textile mill. These assets were represented by the mill, properties, investments, and the productive capacity of the staff and workers. In the economic sense, all these assets were under-employed or wastefully employed when locked up in the company cage. When released they flowed to the parts of the economic system where they were in active demand.

The mill itself has now become an efficient producer of light-engineering goods. Since the new tenants are able to pay the current market rent for the premises it seems that the capacity is fully and profitably employed. The other properties which have been sold have found their way to other uses through the ordinary machinery of the market.

Although there may be certain exceptions, the very circumstance that there is scope for a speculative financier to make a profit out of a take-over operation implies that the resources of that concern taken over have been under-employed. That, at any rate, is so in every case that I know of. If there were no capital profit to the financier, there would be no inducement for him to set the machinery in motion which results in the break-up of the situation and the redeployment of all, or some, of the assets.

'Keeping Things as They Are'

But, why not leave things as they were? What harm was the mill doing? That is the really critical point. It is one of the hardest things for a democracy to realise that survival depends on economic health. Willingness to deploy the nation's resources of men and physical assets efficiently is vital for the public weal. It is not too much to say that if we do not accept that proposition it will in the long run be the end of our way of life.

A preference for keeping things as they are is a major reason for the difficulties experienced by Britain in the past thirty years in maintaining her relative world position. Recurrent exchange crises, which you may remember started in the nineteen-twenties, are the symptoms of the disease and, unless it is treated, it will in the end prove fatal. That is one reason why successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, of every political complexion, have urged the concentration of production on efficient units. Such rationalisation must mean, in practice, the

disruption and closing down of the less efficient units and, inevitably, in the upset of private lives and livelihoods. Politicians cannot afford to dwell on this aspect, but it is inescapable.

This effect of take-overs in breaking up static situations explains why the opposition to them has lined up some oddly assorted groups. They have naturally aroused the suspicions of some—though not all—left-wing politicians and trade-union spokesmen. What is unusual is to find these sections of opinion in the same camp with sitting company directors who fear that they may be displaced. And with them are some highly respected City leaders—though here, again, opinion is markedly divided—who dislike upsets in general and the attendant publicity.

It is important to note this point, that as a rule, the only cases where there is a public outcry and occasion for sensational publicity is where the take-over bidder acts against the opposition of the sitting directors. In the majority of cases the two come to terms. The deal is then blessed by the directors and it all goes through without a murmur.

Directors' Interests

But, surely, it is obvious that the best of directors are in an invidious position in these matters. However fair-minded they may wish to be, the fact is that they are heavily interested; moreover, their personal interests may be diametrically opposed to those of the rank and file body of shareholders. It is not only the emoluments and benefices of office—though they take a pretty prominent place as a rule; there are often such factors as loyalty to the traditions of an old-established firm and its employees. Personal power, the future careers of the coming generation of a business with strong family associations, and the effect on related business interests are among other factors which sometimes distort effective judgment. It is like asking a man sitting on the bough of a tree whether, in his opinion, it would be in the general interest of the firewood situation—or for that particular bit of forest—that the limb should be sawn off.

Nevertheless, the vast majority of company directors do consider their shareholders and, naturally and properly, special weight is attached to their views on the merits of a proposition. The moral responsibility for the future of the company's employees is theirs, and it is up to them to see that the taker-over makes due provision for them.

At the beginning of the year the authorities asked the banks and insurance companies, from whom financial aid is often required by bidders, to attempt to discriminate between worthy and unworthy take-over bids, by reference to whether or not they were predominantly speculative in nature. In practice the result was a definite tendency on the part of major financial institutions to classify a deal as 'acceptable' or not according to whether it was blessed by the directors.

It is surely obvious that if public opinion and the behaviour of the authorities is such that special obstacles are put in the way of bidders who do not succeed in getting the support of the sitting directors, it merely tends to put up the cost of compensation. Whoever pays the compensation, it is actually at the expense of the proprietors. Much more important, this attitude acts as a brake on salutary change. Resistance to take-overs is merely one form of resistance to the adaptation of our economy to changing circumstances.

Admittedly, some forms of take-over are more obviously desirable than others. For the purposes of this discussion I am not taking into account cases of gross abuse, where the public is purposely misled by people who operate share market deals. Those sort of activities are universally deplored by every responsible section of City opinion. I am thinking more of the alleged cases of fundamental abuse where there is said to be wrecking of a valuable business for the sole purpose of extracting the financial juice. Those who criticise take-overs on such grounds invariably talk in generalities. Whether this sort of abuse often occurs is open to doubt—and for good reasons.

I ask you to suppose that you have just assumed control of a flourishing company. Since you have the financial ability and business acumen to get yourself into that position, it seems to me that you are certainly going to do your best to make the most of the assets which you now own or control; one, perhaps the most valuable, of these assets is the earning power of the concern. The skilful financier will do much better for himself in such a case by taking a more constructive line. He will take out so much of the liquid resources as are really surplus to requirements and leave the business with sufficient working capital to continue as a viable and profit-making concern. As such, the total capital value would be altogether much greater than if the

whole undertaking were stripped to pieces and the earning power lost.

Another point which has been made by opponents is that a conservative dividend policy may sometimes assist a bidder. However, in my view, any force this argument may have had a year or two ago has disappeared today. Obviously, where you have a really successful company whose shares are comparatively low not because of inadequate profits but because of conservative finance, the sitting directors have a strong case for support of the rank and file of shareholders. They will, in practice, be likely to command the support of City opinion and the financial press. The outside bidder is at a serious disadvantage and, generally speaking, he will keep off.

It is the old business which is really living largely on the fat accumulated in the past that is the natural prey of the 'financial marauder', as he has been called. Although many regard this individual as a sort of beast of the capitalist jungle, he is in fact performing his normal and proper function in exploiting opportunities for profit. He has no intention of benefiting the body economic but, by and large, his operations are, in my view, in the public interest.

As I said earlier, take-overs are by no means new but they are more numerous than ever before. The basic reason is that present-day company taxation is so heavy that the value of a company's share capital on the Stock Exchange, in relation to its trading profits, is, generally speaking, far lower than before the war. If a company is not doing really well, the total market value of the shares may easily fall below the actual value of the assets they represent. This was comparatively rare before the war; now it is commonplace. Where this happens it is evident that outside commercial and financial interests have a strong inducement to step in.—*Third Programme*

Mr. J. G. Crowther modestly calls his latest book, *The Sciences of Energy* (Muller, 12s. 6d.), a commentary for the general reader on recent advances in astronomy, physics, and chemistry. It is that and much more. He has read widely the latest papers in these sciences. He is interested in the facts and theories that have arisen there in recent years and has the ability of making them as plain as can be for the ordinary reader. He is more deeply concerned than the average writer with the impact which this new knowledge and its consequences may have on mankind. Do the recent discoveries make on the whole for good or evil? Is life really going to be worth living in the distant future if discovery proceeds then as rapidly as it has done so far? These and similar questions are ably discussed by him though he has no simple or ready-made answers for them. He is not afraid to praise Russian scientists for the many excellent contributions they have recently made to science and he is clear in explaining to us what their point of view and philosophy are. He is not afraid to show that there is a grim side to the whole business of invention and discovery as well as a possibly good one. Some of his chapters will depress the reader; others may exhilarate him.

Astronomy, we know, reveals a prodigious universe populated with millions and millions of stars. It is but recently, however, that it has dawned upon us that our sun, like the other stars, is a gigantic engine of atomic energy. It is, among other things, a wholly beneficent hydrogen bomb—if only we can avoid sun-stroke. In building up the heavier elements from the nuclei of hydrogen and helium the sun gives forth the energy that lights and warms our world, tans our skin, and grows our food. It gives us a lesson in atomic deportment that we should well take to heart. The theories of the origin of the solar system that are replacing the speculations of Jeans are ably presented by Mr. Crowther. So too are the ideas of Lemaître on the physical origin of the universe. When Mr. Crowther passes from astronomy and physics to the science of chemistry he deals with recent advances in methods of chemical analysis, with the newer plastics, and with chemical reactions in living organisms. He reveals what wonderful chemical weapons are being made by the organic- and bio-chemist against our worst enemies: microbes and the causative factors of disease. Here, if nowhere else, scientists of all nations, whatever their politics, are out to help their brother men. Altogether a book well written, topical, informed, to be bought, read, and pondered over.

Professor Kendall writes cheerfully and good-naturedly of a chemist he greatly admires, Sir Humphry Davy, in a series of *Introductory Biographies* (Faber, 10s. 6d.) of famous men and women. Starting as an apprentice to an apothecary, Davy became famous at the age of twenty by his work on laughing gas, and added to his reputation by his subsequent work on sodium, potassium, chlorine, the safety-lamp, and other things. Professor Kendall rightly stresses that Davy's greatest discovery was that of his assistant Faraday, a man who started life in an even humbler capacity than Davy and lived to surpass him in his insight into the physical and chemical world. The many-sidedness of Davy—his ability as a poet, as a social being, as a fisherman, and as the friend of men of his time like Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Scott—is touched on ably by Professor Kendall. An enjoyable, stimulating, beautifully produced little book.

The Decline of Lysenko

By ERIC ASHBY

THE Soviet biologist Lysenko is in the news again. It is said that he has come under severe criticism; indeed, *The New York Times* of April 9 talks about the 'incredibly swift . . . downfall of that most notorious of contemporary scientific quacks'. But it is not as simple as all that; only six days later, *Pravda* reported that Lysenko was lecturing to party agents about the new drive to grow crops on marginal lands in Russia; and a collection of his essays (under the title *Agrobiology**), more than 600 pages long, has just been produced by the Foreign Languages Publishing House in Moscow.

A decline in the popularity of a living British scientist would not (I imagine) be a suitable subject for a Third Programme broadcast; it is a symptom of the difference between Britain and Russia that when the scientist is a Russian a decline in his popularity is not just idle gossip; it assumes international importance: for in Russia popularity may reflect politics. I mention this contrast because it is essential, if we are to interpret writings about Russian science, to remember that Russians do not talk and write like Englishmen—Lysenko least of all. He is a man of fifty-five, an Academician since 1939, Director of the Academy of Agricultural Sciences, a leader in Soviet agriculture. Think of a man occupying a similar position in Britain; think of the kinds of articles he would write; and then look through the titles of a sheaf of Lysenko's writings: such titles as *Onward to Further Success*; *Collect and Store Acorns in Winter*; *Millet Yields Must be Greatly Increased*; *Let us Prepare more Potato Tuber Tops*. You realise it is a totally different social climate, which colours even science. Senior officials in the British scientific civil service do not write papers like these.

Lysenko has been a long time in the news. He was trained in an agricultural college in the Ukraine, at a time when education in Russia was chaotic (he had his twentieth birthday in the year of the Bolshevik revolution). He started to publish papers at the age of twenty-five, and at the age of thirty he produced an enormous and flatulent paper which contains in its 200-odd pages one good idea: the idea that plants go through phases of development and that these phases can be speeded up by treating plants with short 'doses' of low temperature. It was not an original idea. A German had published something very like it twelve years earlier. But it was new for Russia and (what is more important) it admirably suited Marxian philosophy: for here was an opportunity for man to gain further control over nature and then to use this control for practical ends.

The average scientist, though doubtless interested to know that his work has practical applications, is not inclined to rush out of the laboratory in order to supervise the practical applications himself. But that is just what Lysenko does like to do. He is an agricultural demagogue with a smattering of science; a nervous man, always chewing a match or crunching up a piece of paper; temperamental, refusing to meet visitors or (if he does meet them) refusing to talk to them, although he will lecture at them mercilessly; a man without humour except as a weapon to use in polemics; taking himself desperately seriously; angry eyes in a fox-face; not at all a quack, just so poorly educated that he is sincerely unaware of the extent of his own ignorance of science. But give him his due: he did, following the German, make this discovery that some crops ripen faster and yield more if they are given a 'dose' of low temperature. He called the process vernalisation.

That was in 1930. Soviet agriculture was on the verge of collapse. Compulsory collectivisation of farms had begun only the year before. Peasants were destroying livestock and giving away corn rather than let

it fall into the hands of the Government; and they themselves were dying in millions from starvation. And, in all this confusion, here was an intense young patriot with an idea which might double the yield of wheat, and with a genius for getting peasants to do what he told them.

And so Lysenko started on his dizzy career: Stalin's goad to drive the peasants to better husbandry. His papers and speeches became more political than scientific: titles such as: *Let Us Master the Principles*; *Collect a Ton of Cotton per Hectare before the Frosts Set In*, and so on. As it happened, vernalisation as a means of increasing yields was a failure. It was too difficult to apply on a large scale, and ten

years after all the fuss was made about it, it was forgotten. But Lysenko had found his mission. He was a shrewd farmer and he knew how to command the loyalty of tens of thousands of collective farm workers. He brought to the task of increasing yields the buoyant spirit of a religious revival. One writer describes how he increased the millet crop during the war. It reads like a schoolboy story of how the School won the Match after the tea interval, but it is in fact a faithful account. Affairs on the farm are going badly. Lysenko drives up sunburnt and dust-covered at a critical moment. He gives orders in his hoarse, high-pitched voice: 'Keep the weeds down!' 'Put on manure!' 'Thin out in case of drought!' And the peasants respond. It is not science; but it is not science they need. What they need is to be disciplined to observe the elementary principles of good husbandry. One has to remember how primitive Soviet agriculture is in order to realise how effective such naive admonitions are. Lysenko advocated cutting seed potatoes into three or four 'chips' before sowing (a practice well known in England), and the result was a remarkable increase in acreage during the war. He told the Ukrainians to sow potatoes in summer, not spring, and their yields went up. For the dry



Trofim Lysenko

plains of western Siberia he urged collective farms not to plough in the autumn but to sow wheat in stubble, for the stubble holds the winter snows and so, when spring comes, the ground is watered: and that, too, increased yields. For fifteen critical years of Soviet history Lysenko worked tirelessly, simply for efficient and common-sense husbandry. His influence on the morale of Russian agriculture was immense. He was not able to abolish the queues for bread, but without him they would have been much longer.

But Lysenko was not content to be Stalin's goad on the collective farms. Not only peasants but scientists, too, must be mobilised in the struggle to increase food supply. And it was at this point that Lysenko fell foul of the scientists. He made the mistake of supposing that his practical triumphs were due to his scientific knowledge, and that other biologists were failing to improve the harvests because their science was unsound. In *Agrobiology* there is a pathetic essay, published in 1937, in which Lysenko, angry and at bay, tries to deal with devastating criticisms from the leading Soviet geneticists: Vavilov, Serebrovsky, Dubinin, and Zavadovsky. He could not confute them by facts, and so he descended to innuendo and dogmatism. 'Genetics', he said, 'must be developed only from the point of view of Darwinism. Only if that is done will our Soviet genetics be truly effective'.

This was the beginning of the next phase of Lysenko's career. It was influenced by two circumstances: first, his collaboration with an unscrupulous but able philosophical biologist named I. I. Prezent (their first joint publication was in 1935) and second, the death, and canonisation as a Soviet hero, of the horticulturist Michurin. Michurin, like Lysenko, loved adopting a defiant attitude toward

nature: he believed he could educate any crop to suit any climate. When the revolution came in 1918, Michurin was sixty-eight years old. He had a good record of rule-of-thumb plant improvement behind him, and he discovered to his delight that he had been talking Marxism-Leninism all his life. His belief that heredity can be changed by clever husbandry became an article of communist orthodoxy, and the belief that heredity is stable and not affected directly by the environment became a heresy. And so Lysenko fixed his fanatical attachment to Michurinian genetics. He became a heresy hunter, and he began with his colleagues a series of pseudo-scientific experiments to prove that the heredity of plants could be changed. The latest claim is that hard wheat has been persuaded to produce rye grains.

These experiments purport to show that by changing what Lysenko calls the conditions of life of a plant you can change its heredity. No one outside Lysenko's circle has successfully repeated these experiments (nor, in my opinion, is anyone likely to) so they are not accepted as part of the *corpus* of scientific knowledge. But this does not worry Lysenko overmuch, because he regards the experiments only as demonstrations for the benefit of sceptics, not as the evidence by which his theory must stand or fall. The theory stands because it is consistent with dialectical materialism. Meanwhile, genetics in Russia went its normal if uncomfortable course. Excellent research was published by schools of geneticists in Moscow and Leningrad. The standard textbook in Moscow University and elsewhere was a translation of a well-known American textbook; and Lysenko and his colleagues were by-passed by genuine scientists as troublesome cranks.

Dangerous Cranks

In 1948 the troublesome cranks became very dangerous indeed. You remember the week's conference of the Academy of Agricultural Sciences, when Lysenko, in a monstrous paper of some 14,000 words, condemned Mendelism and the whole massive structure of genetics as heretical and unprofitable, and disclosed at the end that his script had been approved by the Central Committee of the Party? This elicited abject confessions of error from the weak, and defiance from a few men willing to suffer for their opinions; and it brought freedom of enquiry in genetics to an end. The geneticists who had opposed Lysenko vanished into obscurity.

At that time not one reputable scientist in Russia took Lysenko's views seriously; so why did the Kremlin permit this crazy thing to happen? The reason is pretty clear. Lysenko was still the essential link between Government and peasant. He still had immense prestige on the farms. He was still the mainspring of the drive for better husbandry. His reputation had to be upheld. As the wise old scientist, Zhukovsky, said at the time: it is important 'at this juncture to cherish the prestige' of Lysenko, for there were still bread queues in Russia.

Now, six years later, come reports that the pendulum has swung the other way and that Lysenko is discredited. Let us look at the facts. In 1950 Lysenko published in a technical journal (and in *Pravda*) a paper entitled *New Developments in the Science of Biological Species*. To an English reader it is nothing more than a bit of muddled polemical journalism. Having paid the conventional compliment to Darwin demanded by orthodoxy he then goes on to criticise Darwin's theory of how new species arise. Darwin supposed there was a struggle for survival and that in this struggle new forms arose through selection (by the environment) of some individuals at the expense of others. Lysenko does not believe in intra-specific competition, for it is a heresy; had not Marx himself criticised the Malthusian doctrine of food supply exceeding population? So in this paper Lysenko says that Darwin 'had recourse to the reactionary pseudo-scientific Malthusian doctrine of intra-specific struggle'. Lysenko protests that this view gives to the environment only a passive role; this, he says, 'could not supply the theoretical foundation for a planned alteration of living nature in the interests of practical life'. So Lysenko asserts, instead, that on the basis of dialectical materialism the inheritance of acquired characters is inevitable: new species can be produced simply by an appropriate change in the environment which impresses itself permanently upon heredity.

There are plenty of biologists in Russia lying in wait for Lysenko to be at one with his own petard. And here is their chance, for none of the canonical authorities, not Darwin nor Timirязev nor Michurin, ever held a view quite like this. So in the *Botanicheski Zhurnal* (*Botanical Journal*) for December 1952, H. D. Ivanov gently says: 'Why has . . . one of our outstanding biologists fallen into error in his work on mutation of species?' And then he himself gives

the answer: 'Because he has departed from the principles of Darwinism and the teaching of Michurin . . . [and because] latterly the statements of T. D. Lysenko have not been subjected to the appropriate comradely criticism, without which, as our teacher Stalin points out, science cannot advance'. This encouraged Lysenko's old colleague, N. V. Turbin (who was one of the most zealous supporters of Lysenko in the 1948 Conference) to suggest (also in the *Botanical Journal*) that Lysenko should not claim a monopoly for his teaching. Lysenko savagely replied to this, calling his old friend a 'vulgariser of Marxism'. More recently, in March of this year, Professor Stankov of Moscow University, complained that Lysenko had brought pressure to bear on the Faculty to accept a dissertation from one of Lysenko's students. And, finally, the official journal of the Communist Party published on March 29 a significant statement:

The monopolisation of science leads . . . to the cutting off of people who do not think on orthodox lines, and living scientific thought is stifled. This has been shown, for instance, in the All Union Academy of Agricultural Sciences. [Lysenko is Director of this body.]

These are the sentiments of a liberal mind. They read very differently from the orgies of adulation which Lysenko has been receiving (in public at least) since 1948. Clearly policy has changed: what has caused the change? Certainly it is not because Soviet scientists have suddenly awakened to the fact that Lysenko is negligible as a scientist: they have known that all along. ('I am instructed to believe in Lysenko', a Soviet scientist told me in 1945, with a twinkle in his eye.) And certainly it is not because Lysenko himself has radically changed his views: he has not. There is a much more plausible explanation than these: it is that recently Lysenko's leadership in the campaign to improve agriculture has not been notably successful. Despite all his devoted (and, it must be admitted, effective) work among peasants, Soviet agriculture is still in a bad way and food production is still the Achilles' heel of the Soviet economy. And so it is time someone else took the lead. Someone else has: he is N. S. Khrushchev, the First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Party.

Last September, Khrushchev disclosed some disquieting facts about Soviet agriculture. The number of livestock fell, in the year 1952, by 2.1 million. The acreage put down to grain crops has diminished since 1940 by 9,000,000 acres; and meanwhile the population has increased by some 15,000,000. Khrushchev then goes on to indict such distinguished men as Benediktov (Minister for Agriculture for more than ten years) and Demidov (Deputy Chairman of Gosplan). He has a special word of reproach for the former head of the agricultural planning bureau, V. S. Dmitriev, who (as he puts it) 'wriggled off' to work with Lysenko, and is one of the men who 'have stuck like limpets to science, but have failed in practical work'. It looks as though Lysenko's preoccupation with his theories and his zeal to justify them before the scientific world have, since his successful *coup* of 1948, occupied too much of the time of his Institute to the detriment of extension work among the collective farms. To judge from the meagre information we have about his activities he has not been what the Americans call 'plugging' any special line since 1950, except the planting of trees as shelter belts; not a strikingly original proposal, and in any case not one which will bring quick results. It may be that the very charge of social impotence, which Lysenko so cruelly brought against the leading geneticists of the Soviet Union six years ago, is now becoming applicable to Lysenko himself.

No More State Protection

The Russians are not sentimentalists, and if Lysenko is losing his usefulness he will lose his power too. But the extravagant recriminations of Khrushchev and others must not be interpreted as a downfall for Lysenko. They mean merely that he does not have a monopoly any more. Since the criticisms started Lysenko has been reported in the Soviet papers as speaking at meetings and addressing farmers; he has contributed an article to the Moscow newspaper *Izvestiya*; and he was recently elected a member of the Bureau of Biological Sciences of the Academy. I think that all that has happened is that Lysenko no longer has state protection for his peculiar views on science. While he was an essential link between the Kremlin and the peasant, the state was prepared to gratify his almost paranoid wish for protection from the persecution of scientists. If he is no longer essential, he will no longer have that protection. Perhaps now he may return to the job he is admirably equipped to do: to spread common sense among peasants, and not to spin theories among scientists.

—Third Programme

The Great Tidal Surge of 1953

By J. R. ROSSITER

ON the night of January 31, 1953, the North Sea, lashed by a violent gale, beat down the sea defences along great stretches of the coast from the Humber to the Thames, and took a heavy toll of life and property. To Thames-side Londoners the violence of the North Sea was perhaps not a new threat. Many of them remembered the flood of 1928, when the Embankment was overtopped and the river poured into cellars, drowning many who slept there. To the people of Holland and Belgium, January 31 was yet another crisis in the never-ending struggle with the sea. But to many in Britain the realisation that such havoc could occur without warning came as a shock. And it is no exaggeration to say that as a result of this catastrophe many local authorities round the coasts of England and Wales have had to revise their ideas of the efficiency of their sea defences.

But the very magnitude of the disaster has led to developments which will give vulnerable coastal areas adequate warning in future. Though we cannot hope to suppress the forces of nature that cause such floods, we can reduce the loss of life and of livestock by a warning system. And we can reduce the loss of property and of agricultural land by improving our sea defences. For those steps to be taken with maximum efficiency and minimum expense, research is needed into all aspects of the phenomenon; and, indeed, a recommendation by the Waverley Committee for such a comprehensive research programme has now been presented to Parliament.

But it would be quite wrong to think that we do not already know a great deal about these sudden rises in sea-level due to meteorological causes. Holland and Germany, for example, have operated national flood-warning systems for many years, while in this country the Liverpool Observatory and Tidal Institute has been working on the problem since the nineteen-twenties. It is with this work I am mainly concerned now.

Tidal Predictions

When the Liverpool Tidal Institute was founded, in 1919, one of its main objects was to improve the accuracy of tidal predictions, and a start was made with those for Liverpool. It was found that very rarely did the observed tide coincide with the predicted tide. Closer examination revealed that the discrepancies were not due to any inaccuracies in the new methods of predicting the astronomical tide—that is to say, the rise and fall of the sea under the gravitational influence of the sun and moon. The discrepancies were due to the weather, and differences of one to two feet were quite common.

It is now known that meteorological conditions affect sea-level in two distinct ways. First, the sea acts as an inverted barometer, so that when atmospheric pressure falls, sea-level rises, and vice versa. Moreover, it is possible to get an exact relationship between the change in pressure and the corresponding change in sea-level. Very approximately, one inch change of pressure results in one foot change of sea-level. So we can forecast how the tide will be affected by any foreseeable variations in barometric pressure. But it is obvious that this barometric effect alone cannot account for disturbances of the order of five to ten feet that have been recorded, so we have to turn to the second meteorological effect—the wind-generated disturbance.

When wind blows over water it exerts a tractive force on the surface of the water; and the magnitude of the force depends on two main factors—the velocity of the wind, and the amount of friction between the air and water surface. The water will thus be pulled along in the direction of the wind. In the absence of any other forces, we can see that a westerly gale in the Irish Sea will lower the levels on the Irish coast and raise them on the English and Welsh coasts. Similarly, a northerly gale in the North Sea will tend to raise levels towards the Straits of Dover.

Unfortunately, there is another major force to be taken into account, that due to the rotation of the earth. This geostrophic force, as it is called, causes the mean transport of water in open oceans to be ninety degrees to the right of the wind's direction. In the presence of land

barriers, as round the British coasts, the geostrophic force results in the wind-driven water being deflected to the right. A further complication is introduced by a time lag. With the barometric effect for all practical purposes the result is instantaneous. But the wind effect takes a certain time to become fully operative. Moreover, the change in sea-level so induced is not a steady one but one that oscillates. For instance, if we imagine a wind of constant strength suddenly starting to blow over the North Sea, the water-level anywhere will finally attain a new, steady value, but only after a series of oscillations. It is known that both the time-lag and the amount of oscillation depend on the dimensions of the sea. And the importance of this time-lag and oscillation has resulted in the name 'storm surge' being given to a disturbance of sea-level from these combined causes, in order to emphasise the dynamic nature of the phenomenon.

The North Sea

On the basis of these established principles, the Tidal Institute first concentrated on the study of storm surges in the North Sea with that of January 6, 1928, and, later, at the request of the London County Council and other interested authorities, on all surges between the years 1928 and 1938. The investigation was confined solely to surges at Southend, both positive and negative—that is to say both abnormal lowerings and raisings of sea-level were considered.

Altogether eighty-five surges were examined, and the most important result of this study was the development of a formula for predicting surges at Southend. It was tested against all available data, and gave consistently good agreement. To use the formula, it is necessary to have forecasts of the distribution of barometric pressure over the whole of the North Sea six hours in advance. This information is readily available from the Forecasting Division of the Meteorological Office. The weather charts contain not only the necessary data for calculating the barometric effect: the spacing and direction of the isobars, or lines of equal pressure, also indicate the wind velocity and direction necessary for calculating the wind-effect. In addition, we require the disturbance of sea-level at Dunbar on the Scottish coast nine hours in advance. That is in order to allow for a phenomenon peculiar (as far as we know) to the North Sea—the external surge. The existence of these external surges had been demonstrated during the investigation, and as they could, and often did, occur when conditions over the North Sea were quiet, it seemed that they must be generated outside the North Sea. Though their origin has still not been explained satisfactorily, it has been proved that they travel down the east coast of Scotland and England with little change in amplitude, taking roughly nine hours to pass from Dunbar to Southend.

The actual process of using the formula is very simple and quick in practice, because to simplify matters the oscillatory approach to steady conditions was neglected. On the other hand, the method takes into account the effect, at Southend, of winds not only near the Thames Estuary, but over the whole of the North Sea. Thus, by 1948, a reliable method of forecasting storm surges at Southend, six hours ahead, was available. Only a sense of urgency and a sufficiently authoritative co-ordinating body were lacking to put it into operation.

Villainous Depression

Since 1948, to gain more information about the response of the North Sea as a whole to strong winds, a new approach has been made. And this has been applied with interesting results to the surge of January 31, 1953. We obtained records of the surge at all available tidal stations in the North Sea, both here and on the Continent, and drew lines joining together all places with equal disturbances. The villain of the piece was a deep depression that crossed Scotland and then swung down over Denmark, bringing exceptionally violent northerly winds with it. The co-disturbance lines showed that these winds raised the mean level of the North Sea by two feet. In effect, some fifteen billion cubic feet of water were forced into the North Sea

from the Atlantic. This Atlantic water swept down the North Sea across its whole width, but owing to the geostrophic effect the levels were higher on the English coast than on the continental coast. By midnight on January 31 the peak of the surge had reached the Thames and the Scheldt, and varied from eight to ten feet in height. Then slowly, throughout the following day, the external water flowed out of the North Sea as the winds moderated, but again, owing to the geostrophic force, the movement took place most markedly along the coasts of Holland, Germany, and Denmark.

The co-disturbance lines for the English Channel showed that the North Sea cannot be considered as closed at its southern end, for the surge was propagated through the Straits of Dover to such an extent that at Newhaven a rise in level of more than four feet was experienced. Had it not been for this safety-valve effect, much higher levels would have been reached in Holland and the south-east of England.

Besides arousing national consciousness, this extremely large and prolonged surge has suggested lines for future research. It is clear that for a complete picture of the mechanism of surges in the North Sea we must not ignore the conditions prevailing outside the sea, both in the north-east Atlantic and the English Channel. This is a far cry from early work, when it was thought that disturbances at any place could be attributed wholly to local weather conditions.

And there is another aspect of the problem that requires attention. As the surge is purely meteorological in origin, its size and time of arrival seem at first sight to be independent of the astronomical tide. So we could argue that there is a possibility of the greatest surge anywhere coinciding with the greatest possible high water at that place. The largest recorded disturbance at Southend is a raising of level of more than eleven feet. As it happened two hours after low water it aroused no great interest. But if such a surge were to coincide with a spring high water of eighteen feet, the final water level would be five feet higher than in the great floods of 1953. Fortunately, this grim prospect is softened by indications that large surges tend to occur near low water. In other words, the state of tide in some way does seem to modify a surge. Just how it does is something we still have to discover.

The general shape of the North Sea, narrowing and becoming shallow as it does to the south, makes it particularly susceptible to storm surges, especially those developing from northerly gales. Taken in conjunction with the vulnerable, low-lying coastal areas to the south, it is easy to see why most research has been concentrated on surges in the Thames Estuary. But there are also vulnerable areas in Wales and Lancashire, and there are many instances on record of abnormal levels being reached. From old records for Liverpool I quote the following:

1721 [no date given]: 'A remarkable high tide, the good ship *Tabitha* from Norway sailed over the Pier into the middle of the Old Dock where she was brought up by anchor'.

1833, December 31. 'The tide rose from the proper height of 27.4 feet to 36 feet; the piers and wharves were overflowed, and much damage was done to the public works, north and south'.

Here we have a disturbance of about eight feet. In more recent years a surge of six feet was experienced at Liverpool, on October 29, 1927, while in the Bristol Channel on March 16, 1947, the predicted low water was exceeded by no less than twelve feet.

High Tide at Abbotsbury

At the entrance to the Swannery at Abbotsbury, near Portland, there is a notice board on a pole some twenty feet in height. It is inscribed: 'November 23, 1824. High tide depth of water twenty-two feet eight inches'. The ground level at the position of the board is probably five or six feet above normal high-water spring tides, which means a high water on that particular day of twenty-seven to twenty-eight feet above average high-water spring tides—that is a fantastic figure, of course, and one that probably included the height of the individual waves. Nevertheless, it must have been an exceedingly high tide.

Three points remain to be mentioned, for each has received some attention since the East Coast floods. First of all, excessive rainfall or a sudden thaw following heavy snowfalls in the watershed of a tidal river must always be kept in mind, as the Lynton and Lynmouth disaster showed. But the possibility of so-called 'tidal waves' caused by submarine earthquakes, while a very real danger in some parts of the world, is too remote to be seriously considered in our coastal waters. The third point concerns the gradual rise that is taking place in mean-sea level owing to the melting of the polar ice-caps, and also in places to the sinking of the land surface. It is very difficult to separate these two effects and, as far as we are concerned, unnecessary.

From tidal records taken at Sheerness dockyards we have found that since 1832 mean-sea level there has risen in relation to the land at an average rate of about half a foot per century. All other things being equal, then, higher flood levels can be expected if the rise continues. Coupled with this assumption, a recent investigation has shown that the probability of the 1953 level being reached again in the Thames Estuary is once in 150 years.

Much remains to be solved in the complex problem of storm surges, and it is an encouraging sign of the growing interest taken in the subject that it is to be one of the main talking points at an international scientific conference to be held in Rome in September. During the past winter we have seen a warning system improvised for the East Coast. Perhaps as a result of the Waverley Committee's recommendations we shall see, in the not-too-distant future, the formation of a flood-warning service, operating on the results of scientific research and providing warning to all the vulnerable stretches of our coastline.

—Third Programme

Spring Song

Behind the plate glass of hotels
Old ladies watch the savage sea;
The adolescent casts his spells
On ignorant reality;
And every girl is made by time
Tragic beyond her silly power;
And still the poet in his rhyme
'Accept, accept', cries from his tower.

Upon a gate in carven stone
Two armoured torsos sneer with pride;
The empires riddled to the bone
As sick men stand, who stand and hide
A mortal sickness; and the poet,
Like the great apes, in childhood gay
Morose thereafter dare not show it:
'Accept, accept', his verses say.

Irises point indecent buds
Beside the withered daffodils;
Tender lascivious feeling floods
The veins that show, the heart that kills;
And where the wry-mouthed fledgling crawls
With busy termite citizens
The sentimental poet bawls
'Accept, accept', through blinding lens.

The cellist from between his knees
Sends out a transcendental chord;
Suddenly cherry branches freeze;
The captain points across the ford;
Conception lags behind the world
That dreams and poetry reveal:
The grub within its shining curled
'Accept, accept', is heard to squeal.

ROY FULLER

No Through Road

All in vain! I will cease now
My long absorption with the plough,
With the tame and the wild creatures
And man united with the earth.
I have failed after many seasons
To bring truth to birth,
And nature's simple equations
In the mind's precincts do not apply.

But where to turn? Earth endures
After the passing, necessary shame
Of winter, and the old lie
Of green places beckons me still
From the new world, ugly and evil,
That men pry for in truth's name.

R. S. THOMAS

In Search of Martin Folkes

By WILLIAM PLOMER

THERE is a monument to Martin Folkes* in Westminster Abbey, he has his place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and in his own day he was a man of some importance. I have been trying to discover what he was like. He was born in 1690, and grew up to be a dilettante with an enquiring mind. It was said of him that his fancy was kindled by all things interesting in art, science, or learning.

Folkes was a Norfolk man, the son of an eminent barrister. His mother was one of the three daughters of Sir William Hovell, of Hillington Hall, near King's Lynn, and her sister Etheldreda was married to the Archbishop of Canterbury, William Wake. At the age of nine, Martin was handed over to a tutor. They worked together for seven years, and the tutor then described his pupil as 'a choice youth of a penetrating genius, and master of the beauties of the best Roman and Greek writers'. At sixteen he was ready for Cambridge, and when only twenty-three was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society: that was in the year 1714.

In the same year Folkes took a very unusual step: he married an actress. This must have had an electrifying effect upon his family and friends and the London gossips. It was only since the Restoration that women had begun to appear professionally on the English stage and neither social convention nor puritanical tradition was flexible enough to admit the possibility of a gentleman marrying an actress. The actress whom Folkes married was called Lucretia Bradshaw. She was regarded as one of the best actresses of her time. She had appeared as Ophelia, as Desdemona, as Portia, as Anne Boleyn. She had been seen in 'The Duchess of Malfi', in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor', in 'The Beaux' Stratagem', 'The Country Wife', and many forgotten comedies. Her maxim was 'to make herself mistress of the words of her part, and leave the rest to nature'. I do not like that much: I should have thought that art ought to come into it, rather than nature. But Martin Folkes evidently liked it. We are told that he took her off the stage 'for her exemplary and prudent conduct'. No doubt she had other qualities besides prudence to attract him. The marriage seems to have been happy, and there were three children—Martin, Dorothy, and Lucretia.

In 1722, Folkes was appointed vice-president of the Royal Society by Sir Isaac Newton, and he is said to have been 'indefatigable in observing the secret operations and astonishing objects of Nature'. This rather suggests a sort of Peeping Tom, but was a tribute to his intellectual curiosity. When little more than a boy he had been elected to the Society of Antiquaries and, his curiosity being supported by ample means, he had become a great collector of books, prints, drawings, gems, pictures, coins, and odds and ends of scientific interest. He had a scale model of Stonehenge made in mahogany, and this object seems to have been much admired. Druidism was fashionable with the intelligentsia in those days, much as existentialism is, or used to be, in ours. In fact, one of Folkes' friends, William Stukeley, was nicknamed 'The Arch-Druid'.

Like Folkes, Stukeley was an enthusiastic polymath, and like him a Fellow of the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries. Mad about antiquities, Stukeley was a physician, a clergyman, and an engaging crackpot—but not altogether a crackpot. One of his oldest friends (not Folkes) described him as a mixture of 'simplicity, drollery, absurdity, ingenuity, superstition, and antiquarianism', and called him 'conceited

and fanciful'. In 1726 Stukeley confided to his diary that Folkes was his 'good friend' and had given him useful introductions. I fear that that may have been the beginning of the end of their friendship: to have been shown kindness is often to be unable to forgive the benefactor.

In March 1733, Folkes set out with his whole family on a tour of Italy. They visited Venice, Rome, and Florence, and returned to England by sea from Leghorn after being away for more than two years. When he came home he composed papers on ancient coins, on Trajan's Column, and on sculpture. But his wife Lucretia, the former actress,

had developed a religious mania and had to be put away in an asylum at Chelsea. We find Folkes helping other learned men with mathematical, optical, numismatical, or antiquarian information. For instance, he was consulted by Theobald, the editor of Shakespeare, and by Dr. Smith, the Plumian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. In 1739 he was in Paris and was elected to the Académie Française, and in 1741 he became President of the Royal Society. A little later he was awarded honorary degrees at both Oxford and Cambridge, and also became President of the Society of Antiquaries.

But his later life was overshadowed by the loss of his only son, Martin, a most promising young man, who had been sent to finish his education in France. When out riding one day Martin was thrown from his horse and killed.

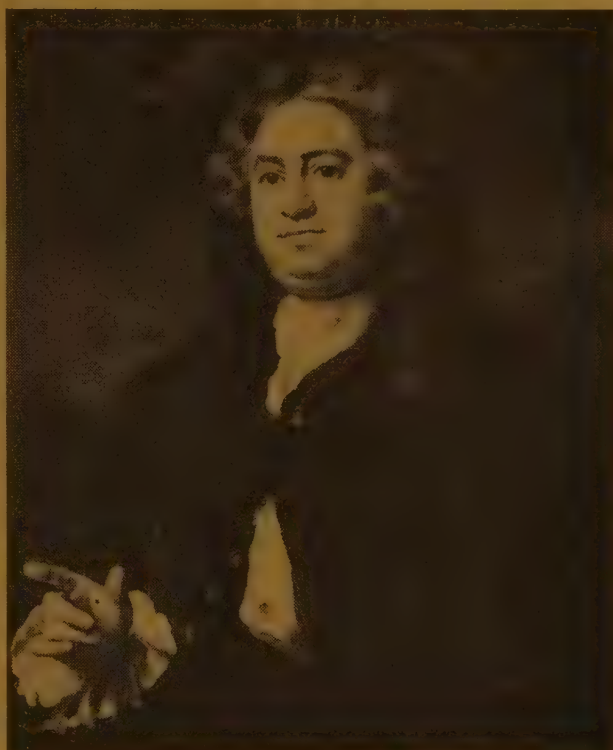
When one is trying to exhume a character, nothing is more helpful than a good portrait. At the Royal Society there is a portrait of Folkes by Hogarth—an excellent picture, masterly, fresh, lively, and probably a speaking likeness. It shows a rather portly man in a jolly wig, with very alert eyes, and an expressive hand extended. There is a certain fullness about the face, which suggests no disinclination for the

generous habits of the day in eating and drinking. Looking at the portrait I thought of the various contemporary opinions of him I had collected, not all of them favourable. He was described as 'a man of great modesty, affability and integrity; a friend to merit, and an ornament to literature'. And somebody else wrote that

the generosity of his temper was no less remarkable than the civility and vivacity of his conversation. His love of a studious and contemplative life, amidst a circle of friends of the same disposition, disinclined him to the business and hurry of a public one; and his only ambition was to distinguish himself by his zeal and activity for the promotion of science and literature.

Yes, all of that seemed as if it might match the face in the Hogarth portrait.

The pursuit of literature and the prestige of learning always tend to attract eccentric and unstable types, and a man in Folkes' position was bound to be exposed to them. Unless he had liked eccentricity he could hardly have made a friend of Stukeley, whose diary and commonplace-book afford some pleasant glimpses of him. Stukeley had been appointed rector of the church of St. George the Martyr, in Queen Square, where Folkes had his town house. The living was in the gift of the Duke of Montagu, another eccentric friend of Folkes, and it may well have been Folkes who brought Stukeley to his notice. The *Dictionary of National Biography* says the Duke was 'a man of some talent, but with much of the buffoon about him'. That was evidently the opinion of the Duke of Montagu's mother-in-law, who was none other than the formidable Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough:



Hogarth's portrait of Martin Folkes

By courtesy of the Royal Society

* The bicentenary of his death was on June 28

All my son-in-law's talents [she wrote] lie in things natural to boys of fifteen, and he is about two-and-fifty. To get people into his gardens and wet them with squirts, to invite people to his country house and put things in their beds to make them itch, and twenty other such pretty fancies.

The Duke of Montagu died in 1749, and in his diary Stukeley wrote:

Mr. Martin Folkes and I walked by 5 a clock in the morning to the Castle, Kentish-town, to pay our last respects to the illustrious remains of the Duke of Montagu. Soon after 6 the horse came by, on which I threw some honey-suckle flowers I had got out of the hedges.

The Disapproving Mr. Stukeley

In July, 1750, Stukeley wrote in his diary that one Sunday the Duke of Richmond and Martin Folkes, instead of going to church ('a matter', said Stukeley, 'unfashionable with great folks') went to view the Duke of Argyll's garden by Hounslow Heath. 'Both caught cold', wrote Stukeley; 'it had nearly proved fatal to Mr. Folkes'. Now that has rather an unfriendly tone: Stukeley seems to be saying that it would have served Folkes right if the cold *had* proved fatal. Which, we wonder, was uppermost in Stukeley—the devout Christian, the shocked sabbatarian, or the lively intellectual, envious of his friend's grand acquaintances? Perhaps Folkes thought that too many dukes would spoil the cloth.

Outwardly, at least, the two friends appeared to be on good terms. In 1751 Stukeley invited Folkes to a party in Kentish Town, where he lived. It was a party for learned men. The guests were entertained with flints, bones, shells, petrifications, incrustations, a Roman cup and saucer, an orrery, a clock, and a bust of Julius Caesar carved by Stukeley himself in a material called clunch. 'After this dry entertainment', says Stukeley, 'we broached a barrel—of fossils from the Isle of Portland. Lastly, to render it a complete rout, I produced a pack of cards made in Richard II's time, and showed the British bridle dug up in Silbury Hill'. The British bridle was perhaps the crowning mare's nest of Stukeley's collection. He thought it 'probably the greatest antiquity in the world' and 'the strongest proof in the world that the Britons came from the east'.

Not long after this party Folkes had a stroke. For three years he was paralysed, and he died in June, 1754. Stukeley at once sat down and wrote a note in his diary—a disagreeable note, I think, to write about an old friend.

This morn about 4 dyed Martin Folkes of a repeated paralytic stroke. He had just finished his new house adjoining to his own in a most elegant manner, though altogether incapable of having the least enjoyment from it. He has remained for this 3 or 4 year a most miserable object of dereliction from that Deity, which he supposed took no account of our actions and had not provided for our immortal part.

The religious grievance against Folkes may have been genuine, but it seems to have been mixed with and intensified by other resentments, and Stukeley allowed himself to write unfeelingly and inexactly, and seemingly to gloat over his old friend's misfortunes.

A Savage Caricature

Among Stukeley's papers, after his own death some years later, was found a strange outburst against Folkes. It is a sort of savage caricature, a view of Folkes through the distorting glass of embitterment; but although it contains demonstrable falsehoods and is not much to the credit of the writer, it does give a view of Folkes which could never be got from the pompous prose of formal or obituary tributes. It helps to bring Folkes alive. I do not know if my ancestor injured Stukeley by some real or imagined slight, or succession of slights; it is all so long ago; but I should not like the shade of Stukeley to think that somebody so long afterwards held it against him that he wrote so unkindly. After all, the two men were friends for a long time, and Stukeley's enthusiastic eccentricity had, and still has, a charm of its own.

Here are some of the things Stukeley put down. He wrote that Folkes, while still a minor, had married 'Mrs. Bracegirdle off the stage', and that Folkes' mother 'grieved at it so much that she threw herself out of a window and broke her arm'. I do not know if this was true. It may well have been. If you happen to live in the reign of Queen Anne, as Martin Folkes' mother did, and your sister Clementia is married to a stuffy old baronet in Hampshire, and your sister Etheldreda is the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and your only son, who is not yet of age, actually marries, without consulting anybody, an actress—

that is to say, a low, designing, shameless creature, and almost certainly a strumpet—and you begin to worry about what Clementia will think, and what Etheldreda will say, and how your only son Martin has irrevocably ruined himself, why, then, you may just as well go and jump out of the window. Whether this defenestration really occurred or not we do not know, but we do know that Lucretia Bradshaw was not Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Stukeley goes on: 'His only son broke his neck off a horse back, at Paris'. Well, it was not at Paris, and it might have been more kindly put. But now out comes tumbling a whole torrent of boarded grievances against Folkes:

Quarrelling with Sir Hans Sloane about the Presidentship of the Royal Society, he went to Rome with his wife and daughters, dog, cat, parrot, and monkey. There his wife grew religiously mad. He went to Venice and got a dangerous hurt upon his leg. Losing his teeth, he speaks so as not to be understood. He constantly refuses all papers that treat of longitude. He chuses the Council and Officers [of the Royal Society] out of his junto of Sycophants that meet him every night at Rawthmill's coffee house, or that dine with him on Thursdays at the Mitre, Fleet Street. He has a great deal of learning, philosophy, astronomy; but knows nothing of natural history.

Now we come to the main accusation:

In matters of religion an errant infidel and loud scoffer. Professes himself a godfather to all monkeys, believes nothing of a future state, of the scriptures, of revelation. He perverted the Dukes of Montagu and Richmond, Lord Pembroke, and very many more of the nobility, who had an opinion of his understanding; and this has done an infinite prejudice to religion in general, made the nobility throw off the mask, and openly deride and discountenance even the appearance of religion, which has brought us into that deplorable situation we are now in, with thieves, and murderers, perjury, forgery, etc.

Precursor of Darwin

I cannot help remarking that even if it is true that Folkes was a free-thinker, it might have been explained more temperately. But it is certainly interesting to see him as a precursor of Darwin. Stukeley went on:

He thinks there is no difference between us and animals, but what is owing to the different structure of our brain, as between man and man. When I lived in Ormond Street in 1720, he set up an infidel club at his house on Sunday evenings, where Will Jones, the mathematician, and others of the heathen stamp, assembled. He invited me earnestly to come thither but I always refused. From that time he has been propagating the infidel system with great assiduity, and made it even fashionable in the Royal Society, so that when any mention is made of Moses, of the deluge, of religion, scriptures etc., it generally is received with a loud laugh.

In September, 1751, being of a very gross habit, great eater and drinker, he was seized with the colic which soon terminated in a hemiplegia. He has now been confined a twelvemonth in this miserable state, but so far from correcting his irreligious notions that he's grown worse if possible.

That must have been written in 1752. After Folkes' death Stukeley saw fit to add that he died 'in a deplorable manner'.

When Folkes died, his wife Lucretia was still shut up in the asylum at Chelsea: he left her £400 a year for life. Beside his widow, he was survived by his two daughters, Dorothy and Lucretia. He left them each £12,000. To Lucretia, the younger daughter, he also left his plate, his great library, his collection of coins, and his large collection of miscellaneous objects of scientific or antiquarian interest. She decided to sell her father's library and collections. The sale lasted fifty-six days, and it took forty-one days to sell the books alone.

Whatever were the faults of Martin Folkes, I salute his memory, after 200 years, for his enquiring mind and the range of his interests. To envy the dead would be unseemly even if it were not absurd, but I think it would have been agreeable to have formed that library and those collections; to have taken one's dog, cat, parrot, and monkey on a long visit to Italy in the middle of the eighteenth century; and, although it was not infallible, to have enjoyed the friendship of that old enthusiast, the Arch-Druid.—*Third Programme*

Two valuable booklets have just been produced by the staff of the Public Record Office. One is *A Guide to Seals in the Public Record Office*, and the other *Domesday Re-bound*, which is, in effect, a guide to the manuscripts in the Record Office which relate to the Domesday survey, and contains a select bibliography. These booklets, which are published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office at 4s. and 3s. respectively, are illustrated.

Inquest on Europe

By GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

IT is an old and laudable custom, in a case of sudden death, to summon a Coroner's Inquest, a jury of neighbours, good men and true, to enquire into the circumstances, to determine the causes, and to pronounce a verdict. Was it murder? Was it suicide? Was it 'natural causes'? An answer must be found, a clear decision reached.

Here is a death, sudden and unexplained; here is an inquest at work; and here are its findings. In 1945, when the mists of battle cleared, a corpse was found lying, naked and despoiled, in a corner of the field. It was the old familiar Europe we knew so well—the Europe of the Congresses, urbane, well-nourished, prospering. We knew, before 1945, that it was getting short in the wind, this Europe of ours; but we cherished it still, and it was an unpleasant shock to find the dishevelled corpse lying in the dirt, and two youthful giants disputing the spoils. And so, out of piety, with a view to a decent burial, a jury was summoned to review the whole unhappy incident in due form of law; to bury Caesar, and to pronounce over the body a modest funeral oration.

An Oddly Constituted Jury?

Here are its findings, in three handsome volumes,* decked out in the modern style with appendices of unimpeachable documents. Four Englishmen, three French, a Scot, a Belgian, an American: it may seem, at first glance, an oddly constituted jury. If it was to be confined to Europe, what of the proud Spaniard, what of the German, what of the denizens of eastern Europe, Poles or Russians, who assuredly have something relevant to say? But we should not stop there, if what we really want is the verdict of neighbours standing outside the fray. A philosophic Brahmin, a wise Confucian, a learned doctor of Islam, an intelligent Kikuyu—how refreshing their autopsy would be.

Yet we should not make too much of this. The outsider has his prejudices as well as the inhabitant of the house, and there are things he does not see. Above all, he will judge by external actions and results and know little of the conflicts of the soul, the silent struggles of good and evil at dead of night, which have so persistently accompanied the pilgrimage of European man. If we criticise the jury, it will not be because, as blood-relations, they have sought to conceal the truth, but rather because they have been so anxious to avoid the charge of prejudice that they have left us in the dark. It is as though they have thought it a sufficient explanation of death, to give us a recital of the life and works of the deceased, and of his father and grandfather before him, and of his ancestors back to the seventh generation.

Nor is one helped by the fact that their verdict is not unanimous. Professor Vermeil, if I understand him right, would bring in a charge of murder, and indict Germany as the culprit. Sir Ernest Barker, on the other hand, will not have it that the corpse is a corpse at all; the body of Europe, like Juliet in the tragedy, is stiff and pallid in a death-like trance, but there is life in it yet; it only needs an injection of federalism to 'endure and prosper'. But the majority, it seems, diagnose a chronic internal malady, a sickness of the European soul. That sickness may have been brought on by external events, and, if so, those events are relevant. But a mere recital of external events can never explain anything so intimate, so subtle, so personal. Surely, we may ask, some things were more important than others in this long spiritual pilgrimage? Surely there were turning points, such as we all recognise in our own lives? But the narrative goes on, placid, flat, and even, advancing with measured tread from the Ice Age, 600,000 years ago, to the half-century after 1914, the time (as Professor Vermeil calls it) of the 'second Thirty Years War'. Yet other historians have discovered peaks and headlands, hills from which to survey the long vistas behind us and in front.

By common consent three great turning points stand out in the history of Europe: late antiquity; the great revolution at the close of the eleventh century, so inadequately called the 'Investiture Contest'; and the eighteenth-century Enlightenment. These are the three great stages in the pilgrimage of European man; we shall not go far wrong if we compare them to birth, to manhood, and to the onset of middle age. Yet nowhere in this account are we made aware of the profound

significance of the great spiritual crises through which he passed; nowhere—except, I think, in Professor Bruun's account of the nineteenth century—are we brought face to face with the reality that what determined the course of his life was less the impact of outside events than his responses to the great spiritual challenges by which he was confronted.

The first great crisis comes in late antiquity, in the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era. It is fundamental for in it is contained the whole problem of the relations between antiquity and modern times, the problem whether ancient civilisation should be termed 'European' at all. As Sir Ernest Barker concedes, there are reasons for questioning such an identification. Greek history, in its Hellenistic phase, had seen 'a fusion of Greece with the Orient'. Civilisation became 'Hellenistic-Oriental instead of Hellenic and Western'. The Roman world was a Mediterranean world rather than a European world; a world in which Asia Minor and North Africa, as well as parts of Europe, were integrated. Evidently there is no inherent reason to term such a society or such a civilisation 'European'; and it is obviously important, if we are to know at all what we mean by 'European' and by 'the European inheritance', for this problem to be discussed. Yet here—it is astounding but true—it is passed over in silence. We travel, in linear progression, from Rome to 'the dislocation of Roman unity' without pausing on the way to ask what has happened in between in men's souls. In the third century, says Dr. Tarn, 'pagan literature fell away'; but 'one beautiful Latin poem has survived'. One beautiful Latin poem! Here in this bare phrase, is masked the startling fact that the poem in question, the 'Vigil of Venus', shows with astonishing clarity the break-through in late antiquity of a spirit quite distinct from the classical spirit—a 'yearning aspiration' and 'tints of living movement' which reveal a turning away from the 'forms of integration which satisfied the ancient world'. It is the same in art. Somewhere, on an unknown date, back in the fourth century of our era, a new civilisation was born: a civilisation different from any that had gone before, a civilisation which for the first time we may rightly term European.

Spiritual Conflict

Seven centuries later, in the spiritual turmoil at the close of the eleventh century, this civilisation came to manhood. Turn to Professor Ganshof's account, and this turmoil, the Investiture Contest as we call it, seems merely a tedious clash between kings and popes over episcopal appointments. Other historians, looking deeper, have seen further. They have seen how, beneath this narrow issue, it 'was in reality a conflict between two violently opposed conceptions of the nature of Christian society'; and for that reason they have singled out the crisis as 'a great revolution in world-history', as 'the greatest . . . turning point in the history of Catholic Christendom'. It was the time when 'the world was drawn into the church', the time when in the west the attitude of 'converting the world gained, once and for all, the upper hand over the policy of withdrawing from it'; it was the time when the practical aim was established, the aim which is still with us today, of establishing a moral order, God's 'right order', in this world. Of this great decision, which has so powerfully affected the whole subsequent history of Europe, we are given not one glimpse; and the failure to explain this turning point in the history of western Christendom—while eastern Christianity remained faithful to earlier Christian traditions—is one main reason for the failure, at a later stage, to account satisfactorily for the undoubted divergences between eastern and western Europe, in spite of the fact that both are parts of one civilisation. Many external reasons are given us, adequate partial explanations, for the divergence, but the fundamental spiritual divergence, which is the essential clue, is nowhere brought to light.

The next great turning point in the history of the European spirit, the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, the Age of Reason, is too near us to be neglected in this way. But the profundity of the revolution, and

(continued on page 62)

* *The European Inheritance*, Edited by Sir Ernest Barker, Sir George Clark, and Professor Paul Vacher, 3 vols. 42s. each, 105s. per set.

NEWS DIARY

June 30-July 6

Wednesday, June 30

Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden visit Ottawa for talks with Canadian Prime Minister and members of the Government

President Eisenhower says Sir Winston's visit to U.S.A. has done much to get policies of the two countries 'back on the rails'

Soviet Government announces that its first industrial atomic power station has begun working

Thursday, July 1

French High Command in Indo-China announce that their forces have been withdrawn from southern area of Red River delta

Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden sail for home from New York

Lords give Television Bill its second reading by 130 votes to 64

Names announced of members of new Atomic Energy Authority

Friday, July 2

French Commander-in-Chief in Indo-China says that the forces withdrawn from southern sector of Red River delta have regrouped

Peace agreement for Guatemala signed in San Salvador

Herr Adenauer, Federal German Chancellor, says that the only alternative to E.D.C. would be a German National Army

Saturday, July 3

French Union forces evacuate Phu Ly on southern extremity of new defence line in Red River delta

French Government postpones discussions with Herr Adenauer on E.D.C.

Food rationing ends

Sunday, July 4

Representatives of the French Union and Viet-Minh commands open negotiations for a cease-fire in Indo-China

Colonel Monzon, head of provisional government in Guatemala, and Colonel Armas, the insurgent leader, enter capital together

Germany beats Hungary in World Football Cup final by three goals to two

Monday, July 5

French Union and Viet-Minh military delegations in Indo-China agree in principle on an exchange of sick and wounded prisoners

Commons debate Civil Defence

British and American representatives begin discussions in London on plans for granting of sovereignty to Federal Germany

Lord Ismay, Secretary-General of Nato, arrives in London for three-day official visit

Tuesday, July 6

Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden return to London

National Union of Mineworkers discuss wages

National Union of Railwaymen condemn German rearmament

Clashes between terrorists and French forces occur in Tunisia



Sir Winston Churchill speaking on his arrival at Ottawa airport from Washington on June 29. On his left is Mr. Louis St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister, and behind, Mr. Anthony Eden. During their day in the Canadian capital Sir Winston and Mr. Eden had discussions with members of the Cabinet: before returning to New York to sail for home the Prime Minister broadcast to the Canadian people



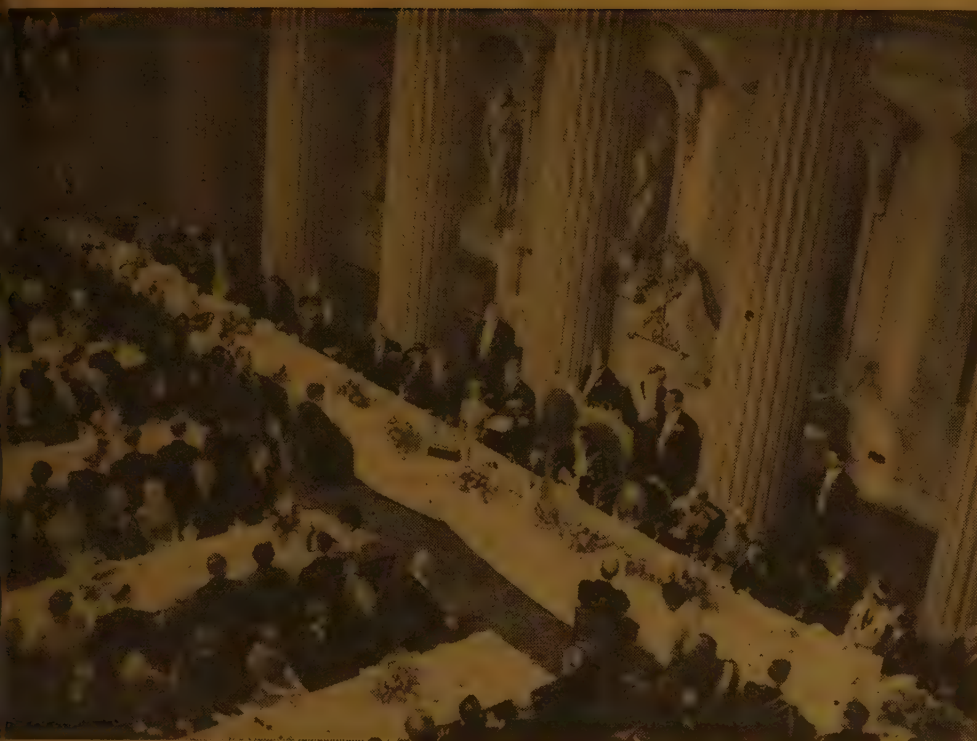
H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh presenting Sir Alexander Fleming with a pair of Georgian silver sauce tureens at a ceremony at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, on June 29, to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the discovery of penicillin

Right: floodwaters from the Rio Grande flowing through the Mexican town of Piedras Negras last week. About fifty people in the town are known to have been drowned and 15,000 are believed to be homeless. The river reached the highest flood level in its recorded history and has also caused widespread devastation on the United States side, where six counties of Texas have been declared a disaster area



Maureen Connolly (U.S.A.) in play with Louise Brough (U.S.A.) whom she beat in the final of the ladies' singles at Wimbledon on July 3 to gain the title for the second year in succession





taken during the luncheon given at the
e on June 30 by the Lord Mayor and
London in honour of the King and Queen
M. King Gustaf is seen making his speech



A photograph of the total eclipse of the sun on June 30 taken from an aircraft, flying off Iceland, in which the Astronomer Royal and a party of scientists made their observations. The eclipse was seen by people in many parts of the British Isles, but in totality only in Unst, the most northern of the Shetland Isles



J. Drobny (Egypt) in play against
K. Rosewall (Australia) in the final of the
men's singles at Wimbledon on July 2
which he won after a match lasting over
two-and-a-half hours



The Russian eight, Krylia Sovetov, beating Leander Club by two-and-a-half lengths in the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley on July 3. The Russians also won the Stewards' Cup and the Silver Goblets



It was announced last week that the National Trust is to buy Sheffield Park Gardens, Sussex. This photograph shows rhododendron bushes in full bloom by the middle lake in the 100-acre grounds



Denis Compton batting during England's first innings in the second test match against Pakistan at Trent Bridge last week when he made 278. England won the match by an innings and 129 runs



(continued from page 59)

above all the problematic nature of the inheritance of the Enlightenment—these things neither Professor Vaucher nor Professor Mornet succeed in conveying to us. The displacement of dogma, the explanation of the universe as a rational order in the light of its own indwelling laws, the confident belief that man is the measure of all things and that the highest ideal is the greatest happiness of the greatest number: all these are there as facts of intellectual history. But their revolutionary effects on the whole cosmogony of European man—the total change in mental outlook which Troeltsch expounded so brilliantly—and above all the critique of this brave optimistic humanism—these are missing. No one reading Professor Mornet's pages will realise that here European man came to a parting of the ways; that here he substituted a secular ethic for a Christian ethic, or even worse that Christian ethic itself was secularised; that here he jettisoned once and for all the dogma of original sin, and with it the dogma of Grace, upon which the whole of Christianity rested; that here he decided that he could dispense with the mystery of the universe, and of humility in face of that mystery.

Shortcomings of the Age of Reason

This was the time, we are told, when 'young pastors were freed from the bigotry of narrow pietism', when 'they began to preach the principles of rational ethics' in place of 'strict doctrine'. But are we so sure today of the superiority of 'rational ethics' over 'narrow pietism'? Are we so sure that the piety of Francke and Zinzendorf, with its deep perception of the limitations of reason, its unqualified search for God's Grace, was mere 'bigotry'? No one doubts the advances registered by the Age of Reason—they are all around us. But no one should ignore, either, its shortcomings. And the shortcomings were as heavy with consequences for the future as were the advances. It was not merely that humanism and rationalism ignored realities which were as powerful as reason and stronger than man. The more fateful shortcoming was that the Enlightenment, the cult of a leisured, moneyed middle class, assumed automatically that its beliefs were universal truths, applicable to all humanity—truths which only needed disseminating through education to provide a valid philosophy for democracy. Less than a century was needed to expose this illusion. The belief that it was only necessary for all citizens to receive the franchise for governments to become truly popular and harmonise all divergent interests proved optimistic. Napoleon I, and after him Napoleon III, showed Europe that democracy was more likely to lead to dictatorship than to Reason enthroned. 'Things are in the saddle and ride mankind', said Emerson. But it was not the machines and technology of the nineteenth century that were responsible. The eighteenth century discovered the worship of things, turned the universe into a huge mechanism, a vast clock which God existed merely to wind up; and so it implanted the germ of the mortal sickness, which soon beset European man and laid him low. Without doubt, the new cosmogony of the Age of Reason cleared the way for the stupendous progress of the natural sciences in the nineteenth century; but to gain these riches, Europe, like Faust, sold its soul. That is the twofold legacy of the Enlightenment to Europe.

It is only when we have analysed these great spiritual crises in all their depth and breadth that the history of Europe comes into perspective, and we can start to assess its heritage. It is because they have not been analysed in all their breadth and depth that the findings of this autopsy fall so flat and unconvincing. The history of Europe is not a sequence of happenings, but a series of problems. Why was it, for example, that, after 1914, Europe (in Sir Ernest Barker's words) 'went into the melting-pot in which it is still immersed'? The answer, he says, can be summarised 'in a word'; it was 'the dissolution of two empires, the Turkish and the Austro-Hungarian'. How unconvincing, how inadequate! What we may ask, has this external fact to do with the spiritual crisis, the onset of which we have traced back to the time of the Enlightenment? Would that crisis have been any less real and threatening if Turkey and Austro-Hungary had never existed? Or consider again Sir Ernest's claim that by establishing 'some new and experimental form of federalism', Europe can still 'retain' its inherited 'riches'. What relevance, we may ask, has federalism to the violent internal tensions—the conflict, for example, between middle-class liberalism and working-class democracy—which (Professor Bruun shows) rent and tormented the body of Europe until, in despair, it came to prefer death to life? The problems, we can see, go far deeper than this; they are in the last analysis spiritual problems; and mechanical explanations and mechanical remedies can neither clarify nor solve them.

Nor is it possible to say that Europe, at any of the great spiritual crises in its history, simply took a wrong turning. We cannot say that the reform papacy of the eleventh century, in determining to shape the world in accordance with what it believed to be God's design, led western Europe astray. We can say that in so doing it shifted the perspectives and shaped the future of Europe. We can say that the evident benefits of the noble attempt to build a kingdom of God on earth were offset by a weakening spirituality, a tendency to forget that the kingdom of God is not, and never can be, of this earth. We may even say that the conception of a transformation of the world, affirmed in this way for centuries, prepared men's minds for the humanist ideal of a world shaped by man to his own purposes, which came to fruition at the time of the Enlightenment.

But we cannot condemn the attempt for that reason. Nor can we condemn the orthodox Christianity of eastern Europe because it did not make this great leap; we can only say that the other-worldliness and spirituality which it preserved were offset by a far weaker influence over social ethics than that exerted by Latin Christendom in the west. It is not, in other words, a question of praise or blame, because the gains and losses on both sides are obvious, but of historical differences which go to make of Europe what it is. And it is the same in regard to the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century. It is easy to condemn it for its spiritual deficiencies, to say that here European man took the wrong turning down a materialist road. It is easier still to cling to its exploded values—its uncritical faith in the virtues of formal education; its fallacious belief that democracy is the antithesis of autocracy, rather than its seed-bed; its rationalist conviction that human passions and social antagonisms can be harmonised by neat philosophic or political formulas. But the position is not as simple as that. The defects and the values, both real, were complementary; the one depended on the other, they cannot simply be neatly separated out like sheep and goats. For the historian the Enlightenment was simply a stage through which European man passed. It brought greater opportunities, greater efforts, greater rewards, but also it brought greater strains, greater risks, and greater temptations. We cannot say that the risks were not worth taking, the achievements vain; but we can point to the price at which they were bought—particularly the vast consumption of energy which left Europe, after the crisis of the French Revolution, too weak to achieve again a comparable synthesis.

If that is the case, it must be obvious that any attempt to draw up a balance-sheet is bound to fail. We cannot pick out of the past certain elements, rejecting others, and claim that they, and they alone, constitute the European heritage. For example, Sir Ernest Barker includes 'parliamentary democracy' in the European inheritance, but makes no mention of autocracy in its various forms, from the tyranny of Greece and the tyranny of the Italian city-states of the Middle Ages down to the dictatorships of modern times. It will not do. The European inheritance comprises both forms of government, and both have proved their value and constructive powers, in different circumstances, just as both, in other circumstances, have failed and have been superseded. History gives no clear brief in favour of either. It is the same with the other 'elements' (as they are called) in the heritage. It may be that Sir Ernest Barker is right in emphasising the contributions of Israel, of Hellas, and of Rome—the personal God of Judaism and Christianity, the Greek conception of an ordered, intelligible cosmos, the Roman system of law and order binding the members of a human society. But there are so many possible permutations and combinations of these diverse elements, so many possibilities of attraction and repulsion, that no clear picture of a specific inheritance emerges. And, in fact, none can emerge, because these things have each borne different interpretations and provoked different reactions at different stages in the pilgrimage of European man.

New Horizons

The real significance of Greece and Rome in European history (a Catholic scholar has recently said) lies in the fact that they never have become an integral part of the European inheritance, have always remained a 'foreign body' which Europe could neither digest nor expel. The struggle to grapple with them led to no definite results; but it was supremely important nevertheless. It was supremely important because it helped to create and stimulate the spiritual tension which carried the European spirit to dazzling heights never before attained. This, precisely this, is the European inheritance: not concrete achievements, which can be counted up and handed down, but the spiritual exaltation, the incomparable soaring of the human spirit, the

opening of new horizons, even though they have left behind (and were doubtless bound to leave behind) unsolved and insoluble problems. Success or failure is not the only criterion; and we may respect, and look back with pride on, the strivings of European man, because he never hesitated, no matter what the cost, to reach out to the stars.

In the end what matters is not the precise elements—varied, undefinable, many-complexioned as they are—of the European inheritance. Nor is the important thing (as Sir Ernest Barker seems to imply) to 'preserve' that inheritance, to 'guard', 'maintain', 'transmit' it to the future, like a precious fossil in a museum. What matters is the ability to reshape the elements into a new and living pattern, the capacity to adapt the inheritance to new and ever changing conditions; otherwise it can only become like a millstone round the neck. It was the failure to re-shape its inheritance, the failure, after the eighteenth-century synthesis, to create 'a new idea of man and his existence and activities', the weary plodding along the overgrown humanist

paths with no new vision, that brought the old Europe to its end.

Back in the fourth century of our era, when Europe began its life in the crisis of the ancient world—its first cry echoing 'the world's chaos' and 'the discord at the heart of things'—the future lay with those who had 'a new idea of man' to propound, a new vision in place of a bankrupt inheritance and a sterile philosophy. Their inspiration was God's glory, not man's past. And so it is today. The European inheritance is a tangle of unresolved contradictions, a thicker of dead ends, offering no direct line of advance. Only a new inspiration, a new idea of man and his place in the universe, can open a clear vista into the future. Perhaps it is there already—so Professor Vermeil appears to suggest—in the ideals of communist society; more likely we shall have to wait long, weary nights before it comes. We do not know. But inspiration will not come to those who look back, only to those who look forward and look up. There the future lies—not in the heritage of our European past, but in the vision of a new world in God's image.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Teaching of International Relations

Sir,—I hope you will permit someone at the outer edge of the habitable world to give his reaction to the surprisingly crusty remarks Mr. Maurice Cowling recently made about Professor Manning's talk (THE LISTENER, May 27) on 'The Teaching of International Relations'. I agree with Mr. Cowling that, in his B.B.C. talk, Professor Manning did not prove that international relations was a 'discipline intrinsically distinct', but Mr. Cowling cannot be or should not be unacquainted with Professor Manning's previous declarations on the subject, such as the excellent paper 'International Relations: An Academic Discipline', to be found in *The University Teaching of International Relations* (Editor: Geoffrey L. Goodwin) published in 1951 by the International Studies Conference. That paper of Professor Manning has helped to clarify my own thoughts on the vexed question of whether international relations is a separate discipline or not.

A field of study deserves to be treated as a separate discipline if it has its own purpose and its own method.

The purpose of the teaching of international relations is to develop in its students the ability to make about new situations the kind of 'appreciation' a staff officer is expected to produce from time to time in war; and like him the man dealing with international relations, whether diplomat, political commentator, or student, is concerned with tomorrow's issues. The emphasis of his mind is on the future, not the past, and thus he is trained or must be trained to appraise situations he has not met with before. In such an appraisal he will be assisted by the lessons of the past and of the present as taught by a dozen conventional disciplines. But I cannot see how a student only reared in the disciplines listed by Mr. Cowling (international law, history, politics, political science) would be adequately fitted for the appreciation of the shape of things to come in our world of national states. His very specialism would vitiate his appraisal of an international situation and the conventional training of his mind (a mind not yet trained 'to analyse and evaluate objectively today's events in the light of the past and the basic trends of the present' to quote Professor Grayson Kirk, of Columbia University) would dull his feelings for realities. As an expert in international law, or in psychology, or in demography, or in economics, or in political geo-

graphy, or in anthropology, he is inadequately equipped for the kind of diagnosis a diplomat or a political commentator produces every week, unless his specialised studies are followed by that of international relations and the exercise of the method which goes with that new discipline.

I think that Professor Manning would agree with most of the above but (as his writings reveal) he is still doubtful whether international relations already possesses its own distinct method. In my opinion it possesses it and since international relations is the most recent of all academic disciplines, it is no wonder that its method is very much up to date. It is the method which modern science has practised for some time and recently defined. This is how Dr. J. Bronowski puts it in his book *The Common Sense of Science*:

It is a mistake to suppose that the basic process in thought is looking back at what is known; and that looking forward to the future is to be justified from this. This is the reversal of the process of life. Anticipating the future is the fundamental activity; babies do it before they are born. Analysing the past and the present is a subsidiary process, whose purpose is still that we shall learn to recognise and interpret signals for the future.

This scientific frame of mind is exactly what the teaching of international relations has been cultivating. To misquote Monsieur Jourdain, this discipline possesses a method distinct from that of the other social sciences but does not yet know that it has one. Apparently Professor Manning has not yet placed his finger on this analogy between the methods of modern science and those of international relations, but his conviction that international relations is somehow 'different' makes him write (on page 19 of the above mentioned work) '... if this does not chime with one's conception of education it is the latter perhaps that had better be revised'.

Yours, etc.,

Johannesburg

LOUIS KRAFT
General Secretary,
South African Institute
of International Affairs

Rival Colonial Policies in Africa

Sir,—The interesting talk by Mr. Louis Kraft (THE LISTENER, July 1) undoubtedly gave some valuable clues to the differences of approach to colonial problems as between the major powers

in Africa. He seems, though, to have missed the significance of differences in the religious backgrounds of the countries concerned.

There are close associations, in particular between Catholicism and 'assimilation' and between Protestantism and 'segregationism'. Most probably these associations reflect, on the one hand, the doctrine of universality of grace and salvation by works, and, on the other, the doctrine of predestination and the eternal gulf between the elect and the damned. The profound influence of Puritanism on the English character has been noted by many writers, especially Max Weber; and the early Dutch settlers in the Cape were fervent Calvinists. Like all such, they took their Old Testament very seriously, and they saw themselves as the chosen people entering the promised land. That this interpretation had much to do with the idea of the 'elect' in general is highly likely.

The religious factor will by no means account for everything in colonial policy, but its importance should not be overlooked.—Yours, etc.,
London, N.W.3 P. J. ROLLINGS

The Dilemma of the Scientist

Sir,—The talk by Dr. Bronowski printed in THE LISTENER of July 1 contains two misconceptions, one of which at least is very common. He writes:

We live in a time when science penetrates every public issue, from a city plan to the fall in the death-rate, from a fuel crisis to cigarette smoking or margarine. If the voter leaves these issues to the specialists, democracy will sink to what it became in Athens, when a minority of educated men governed 300,000 slaves.

In ancient Athens 'public issues' were so far from being left to 'specialists' that they were dealt with in the Assembly by the whole body of citizens who decided in person by their votes every question of peace and war. The ordinary citizen had much more voice in these matters than a voter today, and no doubt knew much more about them because he heard them discussed in the Assembly.

A further point. Athens was not governed by a 'minority of educated men'. It was governed by the citizens, the great majority of whom could not be described as educated, still less as well to do. A man did not become a citizen by being educated or rich; he became one by being born of parents who were citizens. The great mass of the citizen body at Athens were poor—

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so poor that they were paid a small sum for attendance at the Assembly; to compensate them for leaving their work for the day. The difference of rich and poor in the Greek states is reflected in the continual struggle between oligarchs and democrats, at least as violent as any class war in the modern world.

It may be added that no one knows the exact number of slaves in Athens. The *Cambridge Ancient History* estimates it at between 80,000 and 120,000, and the free citizen body at about 150,000 to 170,000.—Yours, etc.,
Oxford R. W. LIVINGSTONE

Round the London Galleries

Sir,—Mr. de Méric raises some interesting points and deserves an answer. He complains that I describe the paintings of Mr. Francis Bacon as being full of sound and fury. The language of an art critic is, almost inevitably, hyperbolic and I cannot think that I went too far in using the word 'sound' in connection with a painter whose figures often appear to be screaming. On the other hand I was perhaps wrong in my use of the word 'fury' (I had the rest of Macbeth's soliloquy in mind).

Mr. de Méric takes far greater liberties than I when he declares that

Bacon is essentially a painter of silences, the silences which persist at a much deeper level (even if they are inarticulate) than the declamatory furies of many critics of his work.

An inarticulate noise I can understand, in fact I think that it might fit the case rather well; but an inarticulate silence, at whatever depth, requires elucidation. Mr. de Méric is so sure of his meaning that he

cannot conceive the implications of Mr. Bacon's pictures being more powerfully communicated by any other methods than those he is using, and this surely can be the only important criterion.

He may know what he is talking about; he may even, up to a point, be right. I would however observe that one might praise the work of the late Sir Frank Dicksee, P.R.A., in precisely the same terms. It is possible that Mr. de Méric has misunderstood the meaning of the words 'only important criterion'.—Yours, etc.

Newcastle upon Tyne, 2 QUENTIN BELL

The Fastest Train on Earth

Sir,—Mr. Allen, in THE LISTENER of July 1, hints at, but does not fully discuss, the reason for the growing discrepancy in railway development in this country and on the Continent. The development of frequent high-speed services of the kind discussed by him is a concomitant of electrification. We are now facing a paradoxical situation: Britain, the pioneer of the railway age, is falling behind other countries because she is unwilling to realise that the steam engine is no longer the best and most economical method of traction; indeed it will become increasingly uneconomical with the mechanisation of British pits and the high cost of first-class coal.

The usual argument advanced by the anarchists of the steam age is that Britain has no sources of water power. The success of the electrification of the Greater London area of the Southern Region alone should indicate that this is a fallacy: even steam-generated electricity is cheaper than the use—or rather waste—of high-grade coal in locomotive fireboxes. Railway technicians tell us that—apart from local geographical considerations such as those prevailing in Switzerland—electrification is called for in areas of 'high traffic density'. Surely, this applies to most of England and Wales and the Glasgow-Edinburgh-Tyneside-Carlisle area. Since electrification makes it possible to make better use of the existing dense rail network, it

would also be a means of reducing road congestion and might ease the parking situation in central London.

If it is argued that electrification costs steel and money, the answer is that the steel supply situation is now much easier and that it always pays to modernise a country's economic capacity, of which transport is such a vital part.

Incidentally, how long are British Railways to retain the distinction of being the only major system to operate freight trains not equipped for continuous air braking?

Yours, etc.,
Dunsden Green RAY BOUNIL

The Battle of Waterloo

Sir,—Further to Captain Thomas Wildman's letter on the Battle of Waterloo (THE LISTENER, June 24) and Mr. Dewhirst's comment and statement on the position of Napoleon in the last attack I should like to quote from *A Voice from Waterloo*, by Sgt.-Major Edward Cotton, 7th Hussars, the same regiment as Captain, afterwards Colonel, T. Wildman was in, who kept a museum on the battlefield for many years. He quotes Lt.-Col. B. Jackson, in his military life of Wellington who relates facts communicated by General Gourgaud, written under Napoleon's roof at St. Helena.

These are the General's words as written down at the time (August 23, 1817).

At the close of the battle of Waterloo and after the unsuccessful charge of the French, the English cavalry which charged in return, approached within two or three hundred yards of the spot where Napoleon was, with none about him but Soult, Drouot, Bertrand, and Gourgaud himself. At a short distance from them was a small French battalion, that had formed square.

Napoleon directed General Gourgaud to order two or three field pieces belonging to his battalion to be fired in order to arrest the cavalry which was coming on.

The order was executed, and one of the balls wounded Lord Uxbridge in the leg. Napoleon put himself at the head of the column exclaiming 'Here we must die! We must die on the field of battle!'

At the very instant that Napoleon was desirous of making a charge with the handful of men left about him Jäbedoyère galloped round the English Light Infantry, sword in hand seeming to court a glorious death on the field of honour. We prevented Napoleon from rushing into the midst of the enemy.

It was Soult who seized his horse by the bridle and said 'They will not kill you: you will be taken prisoner', and that general with the assistance of a few others who gathered round, prevailed on Napoleon to fly from the battlefield.

Surely it was Marshal Ney who led the Imperial Guard at Napoleon's orders?

Yours, etc.,
Ilford E. R. LISTER

The Comic Element in the English Novel

Sir,—Minutely scrutinised, the words I used may have been, as Mr. T. E. Hendrie suggests, slightly—but only very slightly—out of focus. My point was, and still is, that *le mot juste* is not, though it is often used as if it were, a recognised *set phrase* in French. If Mr. Hendrie will consult any good dictionary, he will find such phrases as *le mot pour rire*, *le mot d'ordre*, *au bas mot*, and a score of others, not forgetting that lapidary phrase commemorating the monosyllabic outburst of the harassed French general at the battle of Waterloo. But he will not find (I am prepared to bet) *le mot juste*.

Besides being unnecessary in our rich language, it is an entirely bogus gallicism; and a sharp fine (compoundable for a term of imprisonment) ought to be inflicted on any English writer caught using it.—Yours, etc.,
Bournemouth HAROLD BINNS

Opera Libretti at their Worst

Sir,—Even today 'The Flying Dutchman' fares no better. An album of long-playing records contains a libretto with the following translations:

Sailors:

You've heard of the *Flying Dutchman*, perhaps,
And this must be one of his ugly traps.

and,

Mate:

Boys, fill your goblets to the brink,
Let us have a jolly old drink.

Yours, etc.,
Fareham J. V. L. GODEFROY

'Pinorman'

Sir,—As literary executor of the late Norman Douglas, may I be permitted a belated comment on Richard Aldington's book, *Pinorman*, which pretends to describe the late writer?

I am concerned with Mr. Aldington's insistence that the Orioli books were in fact written by Douglas. For such insistence there is no justification or reason.

I had in my possession for a time another unpublished Orioli manuscript—a diary kept during a journey with Douglas to Ceylon, where the alleged 'editing and rewriting' consisted of some corrections of spelling, of verb forms and punctuation by Douglas, and all else, I can attest, written by Orioli in the style of the two published books. If Douglas had substituted his own 'much less amusing mannerisms' for the 'special quality which was Pino', then the comma has power indeed! We hoped without success to find a publisher for the Ceylon diary, and in discussing it we spoke of the two other works, and Douglas told me more than once that his 'editing' had had nothing to do with rewriting but with blue-pencilling certain passages, for Orioli put down everything. He was sensitive and assimilative, and the force of the Douglas personality clearly influenced his speech and literary style.

Yours, etc.,
Italy KENNETH MACPHERSON

Gustav Mahler

Sir,—I am writing a large-scale study of the life and works of the Austrian composer and conductor Gustav Mahler (1860-1911). I am most anxious to establish decisive dates of composition for his symphonies, songs, etc., for which purpose it is essential to draw my information, as far as is practically possible, from original autograph sources. I shall be most grateful if those librarians and private owners who possess Mahler autographs of any kind—sketches, scores, single symphonic movements, or songs—will send me the fullest description of such items in their collections, including, without fail, all inscribed dates and titles. Information, in any language, will be most warmly welcomed and acknowledged. I shall also be glad to hear of any unpublished correspondence.

Yours, etc.,
153, Croxted Rd., DONALD MITCHELL
West Dulwich, S.E.21

Among recent publications are: *International Relations: The World Community in Transition*, by N. D. Palmer and H. C. Perkins (Stevens, 55s.); *The Freedom of the Press in Ireland 1784-1841*, by Brian Inglis (Faber, 25s.); *Handwriting, a Key to Personality*, by Klara G. Roman (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.); *In Defense of Plato*, by Ronald B. Levinson (Oxford, 80s.); *Marxism and Anarchism 1850-1890*, by G. D. H. Cole (Macmillan, 30s.); *Speech and the Deaf Child*, by Irene R. Ewing and A. W. G. Ewing (Manchester University Press, 18s.).

Origen: a Great Christian Thinker

By H. CHADWICK

ORIGEN* shares with Saint Augustine the title of being the greatest mind of the ancient Christian Church. Like St. Augustine, his reputation for orthodoxy was in some quarters suspect during his lifetime. Long after his death he was generally condemned as a heretic. But his influence on Christian thought in his own age was gigantic, and cannot be escaped even now. In the century after his death the greatest minds of the Eastern Church felt themselves to be deeply in his debt. Indeed, the great Arian controversy of the fourth century, which developed into a straight fight between east and west which has possibly contributed something to the tensions of our modern world, was substantially a legacy of certain aspects of his thought. Origen was virtually the founder of scientific Biblical scholarship. Perhaps the historian may reckon his greatest influence to have been the impetus that he gave to the growing ascetic ideal, the quest for spiritual perfection which dominates the mystical traditions of medieval Catholicism. Through intermediaries, his ideas of the soul's ascent to the beatific vision were passed to the western monk, John Cassian, and so to St. Benedict and the main stream of western monasticism.

Ascetic and World-denying

Although Origen was one of the most learned and acute minds of his time, he was no Christian humanist. He was not a third-century Erasmus; there is too much of the Puritan in him. The ascetic, world-denying inclination was present from his early years. He was born at Alexandria of Christian parents in the eighties of the second century. His father died a martyr's death under the Emperor Septimius Severus in 202. His mother only prevented her seventeen-year-old son from going out to a similar death by hiding the boy's clothes. Always present in Origen's mind is the ideal of a martyr church. Writing in the long period of peace for the church before persecution broke out again under the Emperor Decius in 250, he looks wistfully back to the stern days when Christians met for worship in defiance of the police:

Catechumens were being instructed during the very time when brethren were dying for their faith; then true believers were few, and they trod the strait and narrow way which leads to life. But now the church has become numerous and popular, and genuine believers are still few and far between.

Origen deploras the secularisation of the church which may result from the conversion of 'ladies of refinement and men of wealth and position'. He comments shrewdly upon the evil effects of making the bishoprics of great cities prizes to be gained by ambitious clerics. What he might have said had he lived a century or two later can be guessed.

Origen's world-denying temper is coherent with his total view of the world. In this he and his predecessor at Alexandria, Clement, follow the thought of Plato. Like almost all men of antiquity his first question was not how? but why? Consequently, the answer of the Christian Platonists must seem to a modern man very unscientific and cast in a mythological form. According to Origen, God originally created not this material world of our sense experience, but celestial spiritual beings, without bodies. These beings were engaged in the adoration of God. But it came about that they became sated with the divine goodness; they became bored, and neglected to continue their adoration. Thus they fell. Some fell only a short distance and became angelic powers, some became evil and demonic powers. Some became human souls. But such is God's love for his creation that He plans total restoration. As a means of corrective discipline God created the physical world. It was, therefore, an indirect consequence of the Fall. But it was not a direct consequence. Origen did not think, as some of his contemporary pessimists did, that this world was a vast smudge, just a huge mistake and accident. God made it, and knew what He was doing.

Nevertheless, this world is not a comfortable or particularly happy place to live in. Earthquakes and famines occur, and wars. Every day we are faced by all the ills that flesh is heir to. Origen wrestles with

the problem of justifying the ways of God. If this world is created by an almighty and loving Creator, why is it not altogether happy and good? Origen's mind continually revolves round this issue. His world-denying temper led him to his answer. It is not expedient for man to be too much at ease in Zion. It would not be good for him to live in a world where accidents did not happen. This life is not an opportunity for comfortable complacency; it is rather the 'scene of the supreme struggle of the soul'. The soul must take arms against the sea of troubles and, by God's help, conquer them.

This help of God is given in the Old Testament prophets and, above all, in the incarnation of the Son of God, the divine Word, which is the culmination of the great, divine plan for the restoration of the fallen spiritual beings.

Origen does not make such claims for the biblical revelation as to deny that the Greek philosophers had said many sensible and wise things. But the charge against Plato is that despite his insights into truth he failed to break with polytheism and corrupt paganism. Therefore, the Old Testament, with all its difficulties and obscurities, is for Origen a more significant part of the story of revelation than the history of Greek philosophy. There in the Bible the divine revelation is expressed in a form suited to the meanest capacities. Who but a few intellectual aristocrats reads Plato? asks Origen. But the sayings and parables of Jesus help the scholar and simple believer alike. Certainly for the simple believer the Old Testament is a difficult book. It is full of dark sayings which need to be interpreted allegorically. We find God in the Old Testament using threats, and appearing as a wrathful and vengeful deity. But that is an accommodation to humanity in infancy; just as human fathers accommodate themselves to small children. Above all, if God appears to be stern and angry we must remember that all His punishments have a remedial intention. A surgeon may have to inflict pain if he is to effect a cure. Gradually as the patient improves, the knife is used less. As humanity progresses, God reveals more and more of His true nature.

Here in germ we have Origen's doctrine of progressive revelation, now a commonplace of Christian thought about the Bible, though for him it had not quite the same meaning as it has for modern theologians, working with the modern conception of history. It is at least noteworthy that the thinkers of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries who spoke of progressive revelation were directly influenced by Origen.

Origen thinks of this life as a period of elementary education. If we will listen, we may be taught by the divine Teacher, who has given us the scriptures for the instruction of our souls. But education is not confined to this life's span. The process of advance and purification begins now, but it will be continued in the life of the world to come, where higher education will be provided. The saints advance onward and upward to paradise and beyond, learning the answers to all the questions that puzzle them on earth, ever drawing nearer to the vision of God.

Belief in Remedial Punishment

Thus, Origen believes that there is purification in the next life which in the scriptures is called eternal fire. There are, perhaps, three grounds upon which punishment may be theoretically justified. It may be retributive: that is, the punishment is precisely and exactly what the offender deserves. Or it may be deterrent: its object may be to dissuade other people from committing the same offence. Or it may be remedial: it is intended to cure the offender, and to help him back on to the right path once again. Origen will not allow that any punishment is worthy of God if it is not remedial in intention. God's nature is goodness and love. His punishments are therefore a consequence of this goodness. God will never compel man to obey; He will never overrule the independence of his spirit. God will win by love, but not by force.

Origen's theology has been compared to an ellipse. Its foci are the goodness of God and the freedom of the individual personality. Yet in speaking of God's goodness Origen never lapses into sentimentality.

* The seventeenth century of his death falls this year

Certainly he was a universalist. He believed that ultimately, after long ages, God's love would prevail. But God's punishments were a reality, and very painful they could be. Such suffering was designed to purify the soul and to make it more fit for the presence of God.

It was this side of Origen's teaching which, more than any other, led him into trouble. For he even ventured the speculation that all the fallen spiritual beings would one day be restored, even that one which had fallen furthest from God, the prince of darkness himself. For the devil retained his ancient birthright, his freedom; he was still free to respond to the divine love.

'Even the Devil may be Saved'

This teaching gravely disturbed Origen's bishop, Demetrius of Alexandria. Origen used to undertake frequent theological lecture tours to other cities, which Demetrius disliked. In 229, Origen visited Caesarea in Palestine, and his admirers persuaded the bishop there to ordain him presbyter. This act was highly offensive to Demetrius. Origen travelled on to Greece, where he held a disputation with an eminent heretic, Candidus. In the course of this disputation Origen upheld his doctrine that even the devil might one day be saved. The publication of the minutes of the disputation led to general consternation at Alexandria, and Demetrius held a council of bishops and condemned Origen. Origen wrote to his friends in Egypt the crushing sarcasm that he would not wish to speak evil of the devil any more than of the Bishop of Alexandria. Henceforth he had to make his home with his friends in Palestine. At Caesarea he could work in peace; he published biblical commentaries and sermons, and produced a vast edition of the Old Testament, the *Hexapla*, with the Hebrew text and its Greek versions in parallel columns. It is largely due to the influence of this work that in our English Bibles the books of the Apocrypha are separated from the rest of the Old Testament.

From Caesarea Origen was often summoned to act as theological adviser whenever tricky questions of doctrine were in doubt. During the last few years the rubbish heaps of Egypt have revealed the minutes of a Church synod in Arabia in which Origen takes a leading part in cross-examining a bishop of uncertain orthodoxy and instructs the other clergy in the finer points of theology.

In 248, six years before his death, he wrote his great defence of the Christian position, the *contra Celsum*, in reply to a pamphlet by a highly educated Greek named Celsus. This is a masterly work which represents for the Greek church what St. Augustine's *City of God* represents for the Latin church. Celsus is a witty and penetrating critic, and many of his objections have a surprising modernity about them. Origen's reply answers him point by point, and in so doing weighs up the whole tradition of ancient Greek culture; the work is an outstanding monument of the coming to keep house together of ancient civilisation with the new faith of the rapidly expanding Christian society. The long period of peace for the Church was drawing to a close, and Origen comments upon the rising tide of pagan hostility which was shortly to lead to persecution. Origen's prophecies proved correct. He himself was tortured; weakened by pain, asceticism, and old age, he died in his seventieth year at Tyre in A.D. 254.

Two questions may be asked about a man of the ancient world. What was his importance for his time? What interest and importance have his ideas for us directly? Naturally, these questions are related. And I have not really attempted to answer the second question. Each one of us will judge of that for himself. (Certainly, all who argue today for the abolition of capital punishment tend to use arguments which Origen would have recognised.) What are particularly worthy of examination are the principles of his apologetic, even if the details now belong to ancient history. Origen believed in fearlessly facing the facts. He claims for the Christian the right to think with complete honesty and integrity. His philosophy is half Platonist; but it is not Plato that he claims, but rather the Christian's right to the field of enquiry.

Origen is humanist to this degree: that he denies all ideas of man's total depravity. Man has some capacity to receive divine revelation. It follows that apologetic is not a complete waste of time. All apologetic assumes that there is no radical discontinuity between the natural and the supernatural; it presupposes that the natural reason of man is not wholly mistaken or perverted. For it is only with the tools of contemporary thought that the faith can be defended and explained to the contemporary world. Yet to the next generation this defence will always seem to absorb too much of the secular climate of thought. And if the Christian thinker, seeking to express the faith in the thought

of the modern world, succeeds only in dressing up the ideas of the secular world in more or less Christian language, then the Church is left with nothing to say to modern man which he cannot find rather more lucidly stated elsewhere.

It was thus that they regarded Origen in the centuries after his death. They felt about him as Newman felt about Coleridge: 'he indulged a liberty of speculation which no Christian can tolerate'. Origen's condemnation was inevitable, certainly it was intelligible, since his name was used to cover wild and irresponsible speculations which the Emperor Justinian found intolerable. Above all, his apologetic had a boomerang effect upon Christian thought. He made Christianity intellectually respectable in the ancient world, but at a price.

—Third Programme

The Moral Problem

(continued from page 47)

making it almost certain we shall use them from our camp if we acquiesce in too great a disparity in the size of our armies, so that in Asia, for instance, the only really decisive sort of war we could wage would be of this atomic character?

This is a real dilemma for western statesmen responsible to electorates which demand to live better and not worse than in the past, and are already exceedingly heavily taxed. But I do not see what our statesmen can do except face the burden, and explain it; explain that it suits the communists as well as ourselves to avoid global war and play out each game on its separate board, country by country. This, at any rate, avoids the worst but then it becomes essential that the anti-communists shall be equipped for such a world. Although their adversaries possess the initiative and can concentrate now here, now there, the west must be able to appear in strength and in the right kind of strength. This did happen in Korea, although it may well be that it was the expectation and dread of having to meet atomic artillery that made the communists willing to call a halt.

We can take comfort that the same scientific developments which have produced the atomic, and so the hydrogen, bomb can vastly increase the wealth of the world as a source of industrial power, and so help us to carry the huge material burden these new weapons impose. It is a double burden, of making them, and then of making preparations to diminish their destructive force, because the more defence there is, the more excavation and tunnelling in the hillsides of countries, the less tempting will it be for any power to use these weapons. The Japanese, with their flimsy houses, had no sort of defence.

To sum up, we have for the immediate future to face vast expense, and therefore we must concentrate on all the policies that will produce wealth. We have to live, for the next generation, a more mobilised life, have to allow governments to do more for security, and we know that such powers tend to be abused. Nearly 100 years ago Abraham Lincoln said that a government strong enough to be sure of achieving its essential purposes (whether of order at home or defence) would probably be too strong for the liberties of its subjects. Habits of justice of mind need especially to be fostered in a world more military than we have lived in up to now. It is also a world of alliances between peoples which have to be very firm, since our security depends directly on our unity, so that we cannot be attacked and broken and absorbed one by one. And this again calls for habits of mind, in particular for a power to transcend emotional inheritances from the historical past, which people do not find easy. But all these virtues, which we are going to need, in national and international policy, virtues of prudence, justice, and fortitude, as well as of faith, hope, and charity, are the very virtues which the Christian religion proclaims and fosters for the moral life of man.—European Service

Among recent books are: *The Highland Jaunt: a Study of James Boswell and Samuel Johnson upon their Highland and Hebridean Tour of 1773*, by Moray McLaren (Jarrolds, 16s.); *Irish Sagas and Folk-Tales*, by Eileen O'Faolain (Oxford, 12s. 6d.); *The Vikings of Van Diemen's Land*, by Frank Clune and P. R. Stephenson (Angus and Robertson, 21s.); *The Urban Scene*, by Gordon Logie (Faber, 42s.); *Rivers of East Anglia*, by James Turner (Cassell, 21s.) and *Chateaux of the Loire*, by Vivian Rowe (Putnam, 18s.).

Art

The São Paulo Collection and Other Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

THE exhibition of paintings collected for the São Paulo Museum of Art which is now being shown by the Arts Council at the Tate Gallery is a treat; and those public-spirited Brazilians who, in a space of seven years, have amassed a very rich collection are to be congratulated. It was hardly possible, in such an enterprise, that the collectors should not sometimes have had to be content with rather poor examples of the pre-impressionists, not that there are not some impressive old masters: a Holbein, a Bellini, a Rembrandt and an exceedingly good Reynolds (I cite these names at random), but the opportunities for buying nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters are no doubt greater and have been splendidly used. There are capital works by Cézanne, Vuillard, Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh, Matisse, Picasso and Renoir, above all Renoir, whose superb 'Baigneuse au Griffon' more than holds its own between an Ingres and a Manet. Here one may see how completely the painter had learnt all that Courbet could teach him and, in particular, how fully he had acquired that complete understanding and masterly expression of solidity which persisted in his later paintings and which informs 'Rose et Bleu' (No. 54), a work which might otherwise be no more than a charming evocation of shimmering light and youthful prettiness. Scarcely less beautiful is a wonderful Monet of green, fresh water upon flowing weeds and a skiff set away up in the top right-hand corner of the picture and just balanced by one long outstretched paddle. There are also several admirable portraits by Modigliani, including that of Zborowski, a most subtle and satisfying pattern of springing curves.

I have said enough, I hope, to send visitors hurrying to the Tate before these pictures cross the Atlantic, and perhaps to set them wondering why we too cannot find some energetic method of raising money to buy paintings for our public collections. Very few important works would escape us if the National Art Collections' fund received a quarter as much money per annum as does the R.S.P.C.A. That our money, such as we do have, can on occasion be very well spent should be clear to anyone who visits the exhibition of Italian drawings and prints in the British Museum acquired during the keepership of A. E. Popham. There are some notable treasures, such as Raphael's 'Sybil', and there are also many of those swift, intimate graphic expressions by sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century masters which, in the case of an artist such as Carlo Matratto, are more exciting and more pleasing than finished paintings. The visitor should not neglect the prints of Rome and the very beautiful engravings of Longhi from the Liechtenstein Collection.

An exhibition of the work of Giorgio Morandi covering a period of forty years is being held by the Arts Council at the New Burlington Galleries. It is a pity that no other place could be found; for these rather small, quiet paintings are much too close in tone to the walls

against which they hang. An effort of attention is required before one can fully comprehend the extremely just but very hesitant utterances of this remarkable artist. Signor Morandi deals in precisely those subjects which are likely to be set down by superficial critics as 'dull and academic': pots and bottles set in ranks upon a table or the milder aspects of Italian landscape (the landscapes are, I think, his best works), and all are rendered either within a very narrow range of tones, or in the black and white of studious etchings. But he translates nature with such overwhelming purity of feeling and with so nice a disposition of forms that he succeeds, without ever once raising his voice, in compelling admiration.

Miss Stella Steyn, whose recent works are showing at the Leicester Galleries, does not demand so much of the spectator, who will, surely, be charmed by her still lives in which enjoyably harmonious colours are massed with intelligence and sensibility. In these works there is always a pleasant surface pattern but, when she attempts large and ambitious compositions of nude figures, there is a failure of conviction; the treatment is summary, not because the statement is sufficiently made by a few lines, but because, having gone so far, the painter is uncertain what to do next. This may seem to be a way of saying that these compositions are insincere; this is not the case: Miss Steyn is a gifted and serious artist whose imagination has, for the moment, outrun her talent. The work of Mr. Ivon Hitchens, whose recent paintings are being shown at the same gallery, will be discussed in a separate article next week.

Mr. Jack Smith, whose works are to be seen at the Beaux Arts Galleries until July 17, is an extremely competent, vigorous, and resolute draughtsman. He is admirable in his treatment of dirty linen and greasy floors; his pallid, tottering, undernourished children are very convincing and, on the rare occasions when he permits himself a little colour, he shows that he is very well able to make use of it. He is an extremely gifted and promising young artist.

The Adams Gallery is showing works by various young French artists, including Buffet, Lorjou, Minaux, Montané, and Venard. I hope that I may, in the near future, be able to give my views on some of these painters to readers of THE LISTENER. For these painters, I believe, will determine the future of French painting. They are, at all events, of sufficient importance to merit a visit to Davies Street.

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Television in School, College, and Community by Jennie Waugh Callahan (McGraw-Hill Book Company, 38s.) is a survey of progress in the United States and aims at presenting the educational-television situation to the general public 'so that those who are not attracted by commercial television will . . . recognise the value of non-commercial television and join in their communities' efforts to bring into their schools and homes programmes of which they may be justly proud.'



'La Baigneuse au Griffon' (1870) by Pierre-Auguste Renoir: from masterpieces from the São Paulo Museum of Art at the Tate Gallery

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Tell Freedom. By Peter Abrahams.

Faber. 12s. 6d.

THE GREAT PROBLEMS that face mankind can often be brought nearer solution by autobiography or fiction than by treatises and statistics. If the average man's approach, for example, to the problem of colour were based on logic and reason, Dr. Malan's Nationalists would now form a small and slightly ludicrous minority in the South African Parliament. But because *apartheid* is a policy based upon emotion, the emotional reply to it may be the most effective. *Tell Freedom* provides such a reply. It may have just as wide an influence as *Cry the Beloved Country*, probably the most influential book on Africa published in the last twenty years. These books are so valuable because in both of them the authors have disciplined their own deep emotion by a tolerant understanding of human frailties.

Peter Abrahams was born in a Johannesburg slum suburb, grotesquely misnamed 'Vrededorp'—Peace Village. As one of the 'Cape coloureds', those half-castes whose right to vote in Cape Province has so angered Dr. Malan, he was a cut above the Bantus—he could move around, for example, without the various passes every black man must carry—but he shared their degrading poverty and he has found inspiration for this volume of autobiography in their irrepressible predisposition to happiness. We see him as a ragged, bare-foot little boy making a few coppers by carrying people's parcels in Johannesburg market; as leader of a gang of ragamuffins raiding the stalls of the Indian hawkers; as helping his aunt in distilling the illicit liquor with which so many black men there managed to forget their humiliations.

The story of this little boy would be moving even if it did not deal with the racial problem. For Peter Abrahams is, above all else, a poet, and he discovers beauty where most people could see nothing but garbage, mine dumps, cruelty, and horror. But some of his experiences at the hands of the whites fill one with a shame that is all the deeper because he writes of them with so little anger. When he was only five years old, three white boys set on him and he fought back. Because he did so with considerable effect, the white boys' father made Peter's uncle thrash him in front of them: there must be no doubt which was the superior race.

But such incidents have left little bitterness. The whites also gave him his chance. A Jewish typist read to him one of *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*, and the revelation of the beauty behind the printed word led him to abandon his wage of three shillings a week in order to go to school. A white priest enabled him to enter a Teachers' Training College. Two white communists were the first people to treat him on a footing of equality, but left him wondering whether Marxism had 'any room for the compassionate humanity that pervaded the life and teaching of Christ'. (Perhaps that explains why communism has not yet struck deeper roots in soil that would seem so admirably suited to it.)

But Abrahams soon realised that, in South Africa, friendship between black and white was impossible. 'The racialism of our land did not only hurt those who were not white. Basically, it hurt us all, black and white alike. I would have to remember that, always. . . . Whatever it had done to me and other blacks, racialism had never driven us to this brand of shame and guilt that verged on self-hate. The sensitive, unprejudiced whites of our land walk a dangerous

emotional tight-rope'. So he determined somehow to go to England, 'because men now dead had once crossed its heaths and walked its lanes, quietly, unhurriedly, and had sung with such beauty that their songs had pierced the heart of a black boy, a world away and in another time'.

Abrahams tried in vain to board a ship in Cape Town. He was too small and thin to be signed on as a member of a crew. Conditions, he was told, were easier in Durban, and it took him three months to get there. With the last money he could raise, he bribed a hulking bully of a coloured stoker to get him signed on as a trimmer in the same ship. 'I walked briskly down to the docks. And all my dreams walked with me'.

Tell Freedom is dedicated to 'My Mother, my Sister, and Zena, and all those others who in their different ways asked me to tell this'. Abrahams has fully justified their faith in him. In the process of paying his debt to them he has given us a moving and most attractive book.

Warren Hastings

By Keith Feiling. Macmillan. 30s.

Professor Feiling's life of Warren Hastings is mainly based on the Hastings papers in the British Museum. These papers have of course for many years been one of the chief sources of historical works on India in the Hastings period, and Professor Feiling does not appear to have discovered anything of importance in them that has been overlooked by his predecessors. In this book they are used, not to throw new light upon Hastings himself or his policies, but to produce a panoramic survey of his career as seen through his own eyes and those of his contemporaries, or, in other words, through the medium of his correspondence. In practice, the book largely resolves itself into a *précis* of his letters on the following lines:

He [Hastings] was writing against time, often at night; already the petitions and temptations that beset the holders of power were at his ear. Sykes must recommend a young writer, Jonathan Duncan, destined to be an illustrious servant of the Company. Dr. Pasley pursued him with the praises of young Alexander Elliot, Sir Gilbert's son of Minto. Messages reached him purporting to come from Mir Jaffir's widow, the Munny Begum, and attacking Mahomed Reza Khan, which turned out to be forged by Nuncomar. He was literally [sic] besieged by letters from a personage who was to cut deep into his life. This was Joseph Fowke, brother-in-law to Clive's confidant John Walsh, and who [sic] having been disappointed of high office, had gone home and gambled away his fortune, but had lately come out again, aspiring as ever.

The advantage of this way of writing history is that it conveys to the uninitiated, at the minimum trouble to the author, an impression of extreme familiarity with the minutest details of the contemporary scene. Unfortunately it conveys very little else. The above passage, for example, is only part of a paragraph of some two hundred words, making a point which could have been put in ten, or better still gone without saying, namely that Hastings as Governor received a great many letters of recommendation. Any more important point tends to be lost in an undergrowth of irrelevant details. Thus a chatty summary of letters from the Macphersons and others in London, after recounting *inter alia* how John Macpherson had been obliged by the Nabob of Arcot's failure to pay his salary to draw on Hastings for 30,000 rupees, proceeds as follows:

In 1780 the Macphersons seemed to be winning all along the line. John came in as member for Cricklade, his colleague there being Paul Benfield himself. Though there were still enemies in the Direction like Gregory, Sullivan became deputy chairman; for this, and a Cabinet decision to extend Hastings and his Council for yet another year, Macpherson took credit to himself. Cousin James added his testimony, 'I was present at the treaty and, in some sense, its guarantee'.

Only a reader already in the know could understand that this relates to the 'North-Sullivan treaty' of 1780, by which, in return for Sullivan's support in the forthcoming Company elections, the Government undertook to reverse its previous policy and to support Hastings, with far-reaching effects on his career. Incidentally, the reference to the 30,000 rupees gives a misleading impression of that transaction since Macpherson's letter explains that his reasons for drawing on Hastings was the difficulty of transferring funds from India to England in war-time and that Hastings was to recover the amount from Macpherson's attorneys in Madras.

In general this book is more confusing than misleading, but the following passage, in which Burke's humanitarian crusade over India is apparently imputed to the most sordid personal motives, succeeds in being both.

Burke . . . had long been the Company's champion. But no public cause weighed in the balance [sic], unless it could be made to coincide with the fortunes of the Burke clan. William Burke had come back as agent of the Rajah of Tanjore, the vassal of the Carnatic Nabob whom Lord Pigot had restored [sic: 'whom' is meant to refer to the Rajah]. But Hastings had declared for the Nabob and supported against Pigot the majority counsellors, whom the Directors of 1780 proposed to restore to the service. Wildly Edmund wrote to Ministers of 'the only yet remaining native government', or of 'millions of innocent people' sacrificed, and bargained with Robinson for Tanjore against the Arcot interest. Every week in the Select Committee some fresh document from Francis heaped fuel on his private indignation.

It would take many pages to discuss the complex questions to which Professor Feiling here refers so confusingly; but it may perhaps be sufficient to point out that the authority which he cites for this story, Sir Philip Magnus' life of Burke, claims that Burke's political conduct 'excluded self-interest entirely and sprang from motives so pure and noble that, like the great prophets of old, he was revered by the few and misunderstood by the many'.

Dilemmas. By Gilbert Ryle.

Cambridge. 10s. 6d.

In this book are published the *Turner Lectures* which Professor Ryle delivered in Cambridge just over a year ago. Characteristically, their author has not sought to inflate them to more than their original bulk, nor has he delayed their publication from excess of scruple, or simple indolence, or failure of nerve. The resulting book is of course on a much smaller scale than the same writer's *The Concept of Mind*, but it displays the same sharpness of vision and energy of style, the same immense vitality, ingenuity, and good sense. It is also, as was the earlier book, closely organised and deliberately aimed, in spite of its superficially more episodic structure.

Some of the problems here discussed could be called academic, exercises in intellectual gymnastics not very far removed from the riddle or

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LONGMANS

the crossword puzzle. Others are apt to crop up with singular persistence in, or near, the area of highly practical affairs. Some, like the paradox of Zeno, are very ancient. Some, like the issue between formal logic and philosophy, have only quite recently taken the centre of the stage. But all of them exhibit, so the author contends, the peculiar features of a philosophical dilemma; and such dilemmas, he would add, present us with exactly those problems which typically deserve to be called philosophical. In philosophy it is seldom ignorance that raises difficulties. On the contrary, problems often appear in fields with which we are so thoroughly familiar that we are apt to feel even more helpless than we should do if our knowledge or evidence were plainly incomplete. Our difficulty is, not that we find ourselves unable to discover or decide which of two or more incompatible views is the right one, but that we cannot compose a satisfactory peace between views which, taken individually, seem alike unassailable. The neurophysiologist has plenty of excellent evidence for his theories; the plain man could hardly be better assured than he is about what he claims to see and to hear; nor does either exactly contradict what the other asserts. And yet it is notoriously easy to feel that somehow one party must totally evict the other—even if the evictor's own views would be fatally undermined in the very act of evicting his ostensible rival. We know that Achilles will catch the tortoise, but a characteristic paralysis (here particularly well diagnosed) is apt to assail us in face of the old, alarmingly persuasive argument purporting to show that he never can. Such problems concern, not the 'internal administration' of views and theories, but their 'diplomatic relations'; and 'these inter-theory questions are not questions internal to those theories. . . . They are philosophical questions'.

Thus, a large part of Professor Ryle's intention in this book is to illustrate, by way of coping with particular issues, a general view about the character of philosophical problems. There is no need to insist that this is an important undertaking, nor is there any doubt of the skill and vigour with which it is here pursued. There are idioms more sinuous, more penumbral, more odd, and more arresting than any which Professor Ryle employs or would wish to employ; there are few indeed which combine so much subtlety with so much force, so much light with such invigorating entertainment. It is agreeable to be able to add that the book is both elegantly produced and cheap.

Selected Poems of John Clare

Edited by James Reeves.

Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

John Clare, 'the Northamptonshire peasant' of the *Annuals*, would be startled at the height of his reputation today. And since he was a modest man he would be embarrassed at being called a 'great' poet by Mr. Reeves. To be a poet was all he asked. The wrapper to this book tells us that the poet 'has been too long neglected' and that 'this selection contains the best of his work', statements that make one doubt the credentials of the anthologist. He should have known that the turning point in Clare's reputation came as long ago as 1920 with the publication of *Poems chiefly from Manuscript*, selected and edited by Edmund Blunden and Alan Porter; and that since that date Clare has received devoted attention not only as poet but as man, prose writer, and correspondent. Yet Edmund Blunden is not mentioned in this book.

The editor has chosen his poems from the excellent edition published by T. W. Tibble in 1935. That edition, though incomplete, shows clearly how uneven a poet Clare is. It is the long

works chiefly that betray him. These an anthologist can avoid; and Mr. Reeves' choice will certainly help the reader ignorant of Clare to open new eyes. The introduction, though superficial, is sympathetic, and the fifteen poems suggested as initiatory fulfil that purpose well. It is a pity that James Thomson should appear as Thompson.

There are enough poems in this anthology to make plain why Clare's place as a poet of rare simplicity and troubled vision is secure. From the depths of understanding, love, and pity, he finds his own way of seeing and his own words. Nothing is too small for revelation if the eye is creative:

Trampled under foot
The daisy lives, and strikes its little root
Into the lap of time.

It is so with Clare and his poems: he has learned secrets. What he suffered from frustration such a poem as 'The Exile' powerfully tells. In our own day Edward Thomas had the same kind of inner understanding of everyday country sounds and scenes and folk. It is interesting to compare Wordsworth's fierce poem on a group of indolent gipsies with Clare's sonnet on a similar band. Wordsworth, the gentleman passing by, is madened by their sloth—'better vain deeds or evil than such life'—but Clare, no stranger to them, gives a clear-eyed 'inscape' of the squalid camp, and his conclusion:

'Tis thus they live—a picture to the place,
A quiet, pilfering, unprotected race.

Western Enterprise in Far Eastern Economic Development: China and Japan. By G. C. Allen and Audrey Donnithorne. Allen and Unwin. 20s.

In any study of the European (and later American) connection in Asia the part played by western business and trade must receive prominence—for the great influence it had upon internal Asian politics has had its effect on the course of world affairs. This book, by two prominent political economists, is the first part of a special study of the 'methods and policies pursued by western firms' in the Far East, and deals exclusively with Japan and China.

The western connection with China is a sad story of capitulation by a proud, if inefficient, dynasty to the pressure of modern western techniques and practice. It was in the latter part of the last century, after the Treaties of Tientsin and Peking, which followed the Anglo-Chinese war of 1856, that western commercial interests began to tighten their hold in China, where the government was outrageously incompetent in the face of the enterprising European business man. Control of Customs, and the collecting of duties, was passed to foreign Consuls in Shanghai, and gradually commercial interests came to control the export and import of every commodity. Later, western manufacturing establishments were built to process China's raw materials, and the grip on Chinese economy became so tight that the western bargaining position was unassailable.

It was not the original intention of western enterprise to exploit China, but, as the authors say, 'the functions which a western trading firm had to assume were determined primarily by the backwardness of the Chinese in everything that appertained to a modern commercial society. Once these subsidiary enterprises had been set up, they began a career of their own, and in time they had effects on the Chinese economy and on the business practices of the Chinese that were not contemplated when they were first established'. Because the Chinese dealers and producers were slow to react to the new demands which European merchants brought to bear on the Chinese economy, the foreigners, if they

were to keep a profitable trade running, had to establish new industries, or completely reorganise existing ones. European firms could not have flourished quite independently of the people, and the Chinese compradore (go-between agent) played a significant part in their development—and often made himself very rich into the bargain.

The development of western trade and commerce in Japan followed a different course from that in China. After a long period of isolation from outside contact, the privileged classes were on the verge of a political upheaval just at the time when European business was seeking entry. Astute and politically minded elements in Japan had everything to gain by looking to the outside world once more, as they had done before the Tokugawa Shogunate established itself at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Unlike the Chinese, who when confronted with modern western ways and technological advances turned away towards the security of tradition, the Japanese, thirsting for a change, embraced everything new and turned it to their own advantage.

Neither country could ignore the encroachment of western enterprise, and with it, western thought, but the difference in attitude towards the reception of it and the benefits and disadvantages it brought, to some extent determined the later relationship between China and the west and Japan and the west. In Japan the government became stable and very independent of foreign influence; in China, because 'the foreign business community performed, of necessity, many duties which in western countries at the same period were normally undertaken by the government', the ruling dynasty's control of its own economy, and even its own politics, became weaker and weaker.

The authors of this book have covered their subject fully, and they go into detail of the tea and silk trade, shipping, banking, and insurance, factories, mining, public transport, and so on. By its co-ordination of all these facts the book has a vital place in the study of Far Eastern history.

The Behaviour and Social Life of Honey Bees. By Ronald Ribbands. Bee Research Association. 21s.

In this moderate sized volume is set forth all available information on the social economy of bees. Bee keepers and entomologists will welcome it, but it will also appeal to a large section of the public who are attracted by problems concerning these social insects which are in everybody's garden.

The author is head of the Bee Department of Rothamsted Experimental Station. More than any other group of insects honey bees have been subjected to experiments from very early times. Facilities for studying them could scarcely be greater, they offer abundant material, successive generations can be followed, individuals can be docketed. The author gives chronologically results of remarkable experiments and shows how later research either disproved these or confirmed the conclusions. The ingenuity displayed in inventing contrivances for such experiments makes fascinating reading. Even the errors committed by bees under observation may be informative for they often reveal something unexpected in instinctive behaviour. For instance, when a weary worker finds herself by mistake in the wrong hive she will at once offer some of her load of nectar to counteract hostility. Sad to say, sometimes this bribe is accepted and then, in spite of it, the intruder is murdered.

Tests on bees' vision elicited the fact that, though lacking the focusing mechanism of human eyes, they have the superior faculty of

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This book has become, though not so intended, the third volume of a Trilogy on modern French history, following Mr. Thompson's *French Revolution* (1943) & *Napoleon* (1952.) The subject has been treated before, but not quite on this scale or in this way. Advantage has been taken of much recent French work.

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This is something new in local histories. Addressed to the general reader it makes full use of the researches of the last 50 years, and gives a history of the city from its saxon foundation. It shows that many of the modern problems have their roots in the past.

BASIL BLACKWELL

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being sensitive to light polarisation. Subsequent research proved that this greatly influences their sense of direction and homing instincts. This discovery has been utilised in bee culture, together with their memory and impressions of experiences, to assess the educability of bees so

that they can be trained and directed to certain crops. The work of Von Frisch on the dancing of bees and what information this communicates to their mates opened up new lines for research, and the application of modern methods gives an entirely new impetus to bee culture.

Statistics prove that trained bees expend far less energy on seeking new and possibly distant crops, and that, in some cases at least, the percentage of honey is considerably increased—four pounds per bee colony is quoted—and so also is the seed yield of the crops.

New Novels

The Stranger At My Side. By Gwyn Thomas. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

The Dark Glasses. By Francis King. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

The Troubled Midnight. By Rodney Garland. W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.

The Deep Sleep. By Wright Morris. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.

SURPRISINGLY few novelists seem to live with language and love it and mould it. All four of this week's books are worth reading, but two of them remain earthbound, in spite of interesting themes, because their authors seem to accept inherited language as a fixed medium of communication, like a telephone cable. To the serious novelist the way ideas are presented must be more important than the ideas themselves; the novel should be a book that means more than it says, and this unexplained margin of suggestion can come only from form, the arrangement of words. We readers are lazy, we are lulled to sleep by familiar phraseology; to stir us the novelist must absorb the old stock of words and re-cast them in patterns which rouse us with persistent faint shocks of surprise.

The shocks administered by Mr. Gwyn Thomas are anything but faint. For years I have been preparing to tire of Mr. Thomas' style, but he refuses to oblige. By all the canons of theory, writing as mercurial as this should irritate me by now, but after reading *The Stranger At My Side* I find myself still with the thousands of Welshmen at home and abroad who regard a new novel by this author as a philological eisteddfod not to be missed. The dustjacket is festooned with the cry of the critic in full-throated rapture, proving that foreigners too are infected with Welsh *hwyl* when exposed to Mr. Thomas. This enthusiasm for his books on publication contrasts curiously with the absence of his name from most general discussions of the contemporary novel.

This time the plot is slight, the slapstick immense and not always funny. Windy Way is a clutter of terraced houses in a South Wales valley, and it is here that Theo Morgan the Monologue, a lecherous housepainter, strives to dispel the gloom clogging the brain of his brother-in-law, Edwin Pugh the Pang (so touched with pity for this miserable world). The pain Edwin suffers at the thought of mankind's troubles is nothing compared with the torments that come his way when Theo involves him in the pleasures of life—a fireworks display, football, house-painting, and chips.

The incidents of this plot may be trite, but Mr. Thomas presents them with such electric agility of language that they often startle and amuse. This novel, like his others, is a sustained flight of opportune exaggeration, but this time Mr. Thomas puts the hypnotic hold of his language to a test by spinning it out with, at times, little solid support from the content. He certainly means more than he says, but one could wish he had more to say. His style is his fortune. It appeals because it is characteristic both of himself and of a people, for it evokes exactly the vigour, the wit, the human warmth and waste and poetry of those industrial valleys. In his succession of novels, with their bardic assonance and consonantal chime, their characters whose language is as involved as their fancy, he has transformed working class fiction from a sordid, naturalistic document into a

sophisticated art-form. The present book, for all its frequent delights, seems a mere flexing of the muscles preparatory to a more significant exercise. Whatever he writes, he will no doubt continue to give the established order a screw-kick in the pants.

The setting of *The Dark Glasses* by Francis King—Corfu—tells us unmistakably that we are back in Young England. Patrick Orde and his Greek wife, who is a doctor, come to live on their island estate. The wife is soon immersed in the problems of caring medically for the stubborn locals, while Patrick, a dilettante in life as in art, wanders about aimlessly, enjoying himself in a thoughtless way, but doing nothing useful. He befriends a village boy, son of their bailiff, and comes to feel more than friendship for the boy's fifteen-year-old sister; this experience eventually reveals to him the ugliness beneath the beauty he has hitherto accepted from life.

I cannot understand why Mr. King made his hero thirty-nine. At that age, given this impact of experience, Patrick is a retarded adolescent and as such not as attractive an object of sympathy and not as typical as a hero in his early twenties would be. The construction of the novel can scarcely be faulted. The scenes, relevant and interesting in themselves, are effectively joined and balanced to form a satisfactory whole. There is no padding in this book. The opening chapter is a model of economy: it sets the scene, introduces the main characters, establishes their relationships, creates interest, and throws that interest forward. What more could one want of a first chapter? Only this—that it be written in prose that is the author's ever-obedient servant, not his supine master. This is a good novel that falls short of excellence only because the author fails to give us a texture of language that is clean and suggestively his own. When he dominates his language as firmly as he organises his matter we can expect the excellent novel which this one just fails to become.

The plot of *The Troubled Midnight* by Rodney Garland concerns the disappearance of two British diplomats. A theme from real life is not always attractive (we turn to our newspapers for fiction of this sort) and has its particular difficulties, especially when the incident is so near in time and place. To invent a wholly new course of events would be to invite scepticism; to keep closely to known facts would be repetitive journalism. Mr. Garland's solution is to keep as near as makes no difference to the known facts, while relating them to an emotional and political background which accounts satisfactorily for their occurrence. They are no longer accidents of history; they are endowed with imaginative truth, are not merely possible, but inevitable. From this point the author has little difficulty in persuading us to accept as equally inevitable subsequent facts of which we have no historical proof.

The story is told by a writer called Edmonton who was at Oxford in the early nineteen-thirties with Fontanet and Lockheed, the two missing

men. He is not associated with them when the novel opens, but is suddenly involved in their escape by an inspired stroke of invention on the part of the author. I cannot in fairness disclose the nature of this device, which sets the story off with a punch and implicates the narrator so vitally that he becomes the first person in interest as well as narration. Instead of a detached report by an observer we get an urgent personal confession, so suspense is not affected by our previous knowledge of public events. Yet how much better this exciting book would have been had the author not given us such unimaginative dialogue and sentences which might have been written by anyone. The speed and relative complexity of plot make this a rather less obvious defect here than in *The Dark Glasses*, where the reliance on mood and atmosphere demands a more subtle texture.

The language of *The Deep Sleep* by Wright Morris manages to avoid the two extremes. It does not clout us over the ear, like Mr. Gwyn Thomas', nor does it lie on its back and expect to be tickled into life, like Mr. King's and Mr. Garland's. It moves easily and anonymously, the controlled instrument of a craftsman.

This study in American matriarchy takes place in the Porter residence, within commuting distance of Philadelphia, and describes the day following Judge Porter's death after a long illness. In the house are the widow, her daughter, and artist son-in-law, the Judge's very old mother, and the handyman. Gradually the past of each character is revealed, until the events of this day and the present relationships of these people are seen as logical culminations. Quietly, without violence, Mr. Morris builds up a venomously funny and bitter indictment of wives whose first commandment is said to be: 'Thou shalt not give one particle of gratification'. The perfect gift for Father's Day (if Father is allowed to have it in the house).

By combining impressionism (in his rendering of dialogue) with more objective narration Mr. Morris achieves a compact synthesis of two methods which are liable to produce, in the first case, an excess of obscurity and, in the other, an excess of dullness. The result is neither obscure nor dull. This book is organised in depth and arranged with great skill, unobtrusively. The fine balance is apparent only when it is upset: towards the middle the author inserts a blessedly brief chapter which is entirely out of key; it bounces with the worst features of sustained impressionism and shows, by contrast, how good the rest of the book is. After this lurch the novel rights itself, without appreciable damage, and we may comfortably relax in the atmosphere of delicate beastliness.

The catch in the title is that it does not refer to death, in spite of the situation which opens the book, but to the deep sleep which fell on Adam when God took one of his ribs and made it into a Daughter of the American Revolution. It's a nice touch that places the Porter residence within easy distance of Valley Forge.

IDRIS PARRY

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Too Many Smiles?

WILL BRITISH TELEVISION, I wonder, ever get over its obsession with smiling coaxingly at the viewer? Not an habitual watcher, I find the muscles of my face aching after a time in sympathetic response to the ingratiating smiles so constantly addressed to me from the screen. The effect too often is of a dedicated Froebel teacher addressing a kindergarten—coaxing, reassuring, nothing to be afraid of here—and is sometimes quite absurd. I found it oddly irritating, in what purported to be a serious feature on poliomyelitis, to have symptoms and effects described with rallying smiles, as though a rather silly bogey were being laid for us. That, of course, was partly the intention of the programme: if we are told something about the disease, its comparative rarity, the high proportion of cures, the management of paralysis, we shall be less afraid of it: and, in some measure, by showing that badly paralysed cases can heroically carry on their normal life, it can be said to have succeeded. But it can hardly be called a satisfactory survey, since so much was left unsaid. Children, for whom we chiefly fear were left out of it (too harrowing, perhaps?); the onset of the disease was not described; the wonderful treatment and rehabilitation going on in our special hospitals scarcely touched on, save for a gingerly presented view of an iron lung. And, as I said, the determined, propitiating smiles of the announcer struck an uncongenial note, as though they had strayed in from a W.I. deep-frying demonstration.

The suspicion must have struck many minds last week that Tuesday's Paris programmes had been secretly financed by an underground movement for Holidays in Britain. Indeed, if anything could blot out the memory of some inane British programmes and reconcile us to our lot, this presentation of Paris, devised and produced by the French television service, would do the trick. First, a series of murky views, like smudgy postcards seen through dark glasses; next, an interminable session (obviously

a cold and windy one too, but they couldn't help that) on top of the Arc de Triomphe, from which traffic jams in different thoroughfares were shown in turn; and, lastly, a presentation of the night life of Paris as enjoyed by Parisians, that for mystifying silliness surely broke all records. We were shown a pretty Parisienne dining alone in an empty restaurant which was oddly like the corner of a television studio, looking in on an empty dress show, and driving about unaccompanied in a taxi. One got the impression that Radiodiffusion - Télévision Française were falling over backwards in their efforts to produce something stupefyingly innocuous and that they would have done much better to have called in Nancy Mitford.

As a contrast, Thursday's Danish programme from Copenhagen, showing the annual agricultural show and trades festival, was thoroughly enjoyable. As one who has dragged aching feet round many an agricultural show in this country from pigs to machinery, specimen leys to pest control, I cannot too heartily commend the Danish practice of combining agriculture with municipal horseplay. How it would cheer up the Bath and West to have fights between contestants on greasy poles, battles between sweeps and bakers (the one side throwing flour, the other soot), and races and tugs of war between teams of waiters, brewers, coalmen, and railways workers! That is what is the matter with our agricultural shows: they are too single-minded. The pleasure-loving Danes, of course, don't leave the cattle out of it, but they achieve a nice balance between a highly correct horse-show and a circus.

I do not know whether other countries are as much addicted to parlour games on television as we are. Here, the passion is clearly spreading, the Conservative Central Office being the newest devotee of panel-and-question technique. An original idea, certainly: a row of telephones, Mr.



As seen by the viewer: 'Paris', presented by the French Television Service on June 29: the band of the Foreign Legion in 'Military Tournament' and (right) a fashion display from the Paris studio



From 'Summer Carnival', on July 2: sheep dogs in action, and (right) a sixteen-year-old girl acrobat

John Cura

Reginald Maudling, M.P., as the man who knows everything, Miss Joan Vickers, prospective candidate for Devonport, for glamour, and another prospective candidate to complete the panel which we are invited to bombard with telephoned questions (reversed charges). The game was quite good, and opens a new career to politicians with a ready platform manner. The only trouble is, there seems to be no way of making it clear that the thing isn't faked. It is the note of reality and sincerity which makes Aidan Crawley's appearances so satisfying. This week he handled his subject with a nice blend of tact and candour. It is a pleasure to record that, given a serious subject, he rarely smiles.

Our first view of the new television news service was, alas, disappointing, and it is difficult to see how daily-newspaper technique can be successfully applied to television. It is no embellishment of spoken news about the mining industry to be shown a commonplace still photograph of Mr. W. E. Jones, at which one stares with growing impatience for what seem to be minutes on end. Yet television and newsreel cameras cannot be all over the place, every day, all the time. The most they can do is cover pre-arranged events, which are not as a rule the most important element in the day's 'hard news'. It seems probable that the magazine technique may be the only one which television can use successfully. But perhaps somebody will have a brain wave, and matters will improve.

MARGARET LANE

[Mr. Reginald Pound is on holiday.]

DRAMA

Down wiv skule!

ONE OF THE NICE THINGS about growing older is that one remembers only the pleasant side of being young and forgets its horrors. But go back to that windy, rain-swept tumult, hear



Aidan Crawley discussing 'World Affairs' in 'Viewfinder', on July 2

again the clanging bell, see the ugly chapel clock (showing that you are late again, Hope-Wallace), smell the chalk in the air, the acid ink on your fingers, feel the geometry implements with which tortures are carried out after dark—and how quick the nightmare grips. 'The happiest days of your life': how many people must offer up prayers of sheer gratitude they never have to live them again!

We have had a dose of school from television this week. By Sunday night I was ready to join the little beasts of St. Trinian's, saw pedagogues into sections, put a match to the 'stinks' labs, and chalk 'Down wiv skule!' across the crest. I do not of course refer to the compulsory games-watching: hour after hour of stultifying ball games. I refer simply to the drama which this week has been scholastic in subject if in no other way. Even the kiddies had school. A laborious excerpt from the Greyfriars saga, showing the usual hounding of Billy Bunter, the 'fat owl of the Remove'. I watched this with great fascination: it is a wonderful fantasy world, an idea of school which school life (in the odd way in which nature copies art) often manages to live up to. Such a school! The sarcastic, sadistic, cane-brandishing 'beaks' and the obese, tuck-chewing, cheeky 'scholars': where did it all spring from? From *Stalky and Co.* misunderstood? Kipling's schoolboy fantasies make very odd reading to a generation more psychologically aware of motives. Whatever the origin, Frank Richards' Greyfriars has established one of the mass male myths of our national life. Its importance cannot be overstressed and these Bunter episodes should be made compulsory holiday tasks. Meeting Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton again (still the same age though forty years on) was a queer experience. But Bunter is much less tormented these days. We only heard him being beaten, hardly saw him kicked at all. Why so gentle? But it is probably for the best. Obese boys—how one recalls their cries, and sad, diabetic voices—have a bad enough time at school, anyway, without any encouragement on television.

Some hours later we were taken to Peter Watling's Wyvern School where matron Rachel Gurney was darning the boys' socks, waiting for one of the scholars to regain consciousness after being attacked in the 'dorm'. Oh dear! we thought, not again. But the play is not really about bullying. The hard thing to say is what it really is about, especially as so much had been filleted out of this potted version that often the characters seem to be discussing, with the greatest seriousness, perfectly incomprehensible mysteries. I hope I do not give a false impression. Of course, I cannot really judge, because I saw and enjoyed the play greatly on the stage and so, with half my mind, knew what it was

about. But as a televiewer my reaction was often one of some puzzlement. Then things are not made easier if an epidemic of misnaming hits the cast, so that every time someone wishes to refer to Mr. X they say Mr. Y or Mr. Z.

This quieted down after a while, but John Robinson, though well cast for the character of the classics master, remained nervous until the end; and not all the camera work was of a kind to help concentration. I often think producers do not give enough thought to our (the viewers') total uncertainty about the geography of certain rooms, such as matron's here, where



'Wilderness of Monkeys', on July 4, with (left to right) John Robinson as Mr. Reynolds, Peter Coke as Roger Payne, Mary Horn as Lady Hildebrand, and Stuart Hutchison as Pemberton



A scene from 'Bunter Won't Go!' in Children's Television on July 4: Kynaston Reeves as Mr. Quelch and Gerald Campion as Billy Bunter

character was not very firmly brought out. So that the really very moving scene with the father (Jack Allen) went for little. Mary Horn with a plum of a part in Lady Hildebrand came near to overdoing it. It needs no pushing, being an astutely written study of that all-too-common figure, a problem parent. As her boy, Stuart Hutchison looked a trifle over seventeen but was otherwise convincing enough, and Peter Coke caught the mannerisms of a certain type of breezy common-room trial pretty accurately.

Appropriately enough in a week given over to 'little beasts', the Moscow State Puppets (how strange that sounds) gave us a curious half-hour—how strange they looked. Sergei Obratsov, chief puppeteer, Stalin Prize winner and genius to the finger tips, introduces these creatures. They are glove puppets, like Punch and Judy, only far more elaborate, and they achieve a naturalism in acting unlike the stylised behaviour of stringed marionettes. In a theatre these puppets 'act' with such smoothness that after about thirty minutes one quite loses the impression of their being puppets and merely feels that flesh-and-blood actors might be just as good. However, television, by showing them to us first close up and then at a distance and by constantly shifting the view point, completely destroyed any illusion at all. A pity.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Trodden Ways

THE CHORUS SAYS, in effect, at the end of the 'Alcestis' of Euripides (Third), that it has all turned out unexpectedly. It made me think of that Peacock character who gave to his garden what he called 'the quality of unexpectedness', and who was asked what he called it when one walked round the garden for a second time. Still, in the major plays, what was unexpected once can curiously remain so. After all these years, and innumerable performances, I continue to be surprised when, say, Othello stabs himself, or when Portia thrusts herself between Shylock and Antonio with 'Tarry a little; there is something else'. Other examples rise: although we should know every blade of grass in the garden, some dramatists have the gift of constantly renewing their landscape, whereas in the minor, routine play we are apt to take any surprise, any revelation, as all in the night's work. The



A scene from the Moscow State Central Puppet Theatre, televised from the Casino Theatre, London, on July 4

people often emerged from where one hadn't guessed a door would be, or sprang into view on the least-expected flank of the speaker on whom attention was focused. Nice Miss Gurney somehow didn't have enough to do in this version: what she, matron, feels, is what we are supposed to feel. The same with spotty Miller, the 'difficult' swot, exasperated, miserable: the acting of Nicholas Stevenson was perfectly good as far as it went but the

tragi-comedy of the 'Alcestis' may be only chronologically among the first plays of Euripides; but it does keep its excitement, from that first colloquy between Apollo and Death who talk, as Verrall says in a passage that I red-inked delightedly in my school text, 'exactly as two well-bred landlords, neighbours in the country and being on bad terms, might discuss a question of encroachment or ancient lights'.

The broadcast returned to us that selfish husband Admetus: Euripides' wry look at the man who will let his wife sacrifice herself for him. He bids her farewell with the comfortable news that he will wear mourning for her throughout life, that he can never again touch the lyre or raise his spirits to sing to the Libyan flute, and so on and so on. The husband doth protest too much; it was a joy in this revival to hear Godfrey Kenton's voice protesting. But the whole play was spiritedly done, under Raymond Raikes who by now must be an honorary Athenian; and we shall recall Mary Wimbush at the point of descent to the underworld; Cyril Shaps as the determined Heracles; and the choral speaking, though in the Richard Aldington version I did mourn for Gilbert Murray's rhythms and such a passage as 'Daughter of Pelias, fare thee well, May joy be thine in the sunless houses'! The whole revival, enhanced by its John Hotchkis music, was in fact properly unexpected.

I was much less certain about 'My Lord Cardinal' (Home). Here we were back with Wolsey and Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn; and few steps that we take now in this company can surprise us. Anne was sitting in the Tower of London on the eve of her execution while (to borrow from a modern poet) on her tongue 'the taste was sour of all she ever did'. In a set of flash-backs we learned of her rise and decline, and of her enemy Wolsey's. Donald Ford has written his play with care; but we have battled so often among these storms of state that it takes a great deal to startle us. What counted most was the acting (in Wilfrid Grantham's production), with Baliol Holloway to fill out for us the rose-flushed robe of Wolsey, the arch-contriver; Maxine Audley to work with diligence at Anne Boleyn; and James McKechnie's Henry as less of a talking paunch than the King is so often (the actor gave all its syllables to 'conscience'). Perhaps the least expected passage was one in which Buckingham tossed his washing water at Wolsey. We are so used to the nobility of the 'Henry VIII' farewell that this Buckingham seemed to be an interloper bearing the name. And now, just for a few months, can dramatists forget Henry and his wives and consider, perhaps, Egbert or Ethelred? Only a suggestion.

Possibly 'The Enchanted April' (Light) beckons us along a trodden path. At the start of this serial, taken by Thea Holme from a book by the writer so cumbrously described as 'author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"', we were very well content to accept it as a fresh and gently touched-in romantic narrative. The theme calls, I suppose, for the grimmer vogue-words, 'nostalgic' or 'escapist'. Believe me, it is much better than that. In the next instalment, second of five (produced by Mary Hope Allen), we shall no doubt meet Celia Johnson and Thea Holme—agreeable adventurers from Hampstead, an area 'Elizabeth' distrusted—at a medieval castle, complete with electric light and dungeon, on the Mediterranean coast. There, too, one guest will be sitting in the sun to remember, and another—whom Gladys Young endows with a voice like the glummiest Tube train—to forget.

I came across an odd number of 'Variety Playhouse' (Home). It was fortunate to have Sidney Harrison, admirable at the piano. Elsewhere, humour toiled, and the programme broke into a small melodrama about an escaped lunatic with a fly-paper fixation. ('Well, he was some

mother's son', said the policeman over the body). That fine actor, Francis de Wolff, will never have a tougher ten minutes. 'Escape From Yugoslavia' (Light), if not the most intense of the Sunday series, took us over a frightening tangle of untrodden ways.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

A Little Knowledge...

SOLOISTS WERE LESS plentiful last week in the Spoken Word: there was a proper proportion of concerted talking. A trio discussed 'Initiation into the Twentieth Century', a quartet gave us the low-down on Piltown—a jaw on a skull, as it might erroneously be called—and a septet played variations on the theme 'Is a Theory of Knowledge Possible?'. This last was a substantial work occupying an hour and five minutes and addressed to listeners who—unlike me, alas—have more than a nodding acquaintance with contemporary philosophy. It opened with a prelude, marked *presto*, by Professor A. J. Ayer in which the theme was brilliantly presented in a variety of aspects. Indeed Mr. Ayer's method of presentation and his delivery is like that of Professor Gilbert Ryle: short, spasmodic, lucid sentences follow each other with such rapidity that the ordinary listener, although he grasps each separately, soon finds that he has lost the thread that connects them. His energies are so completely employed in hearing that he has none left for thinking. Nor is Mr. Ayer always easy to hear because the resonance which comes from a radio set, however nicely tuned, now and then blurs a vital word or two. In a lecture-room he would, I'm sure, be perfectly audible.

R. A. Wollheim, who lectures in philosophy at London University where Professor Ayer occupies the chair, indulged my sloth-in-the-uptake by timing his variations *moderato* and none of the five other debaters achieved Mr. Ayer's speed, though some of them spoke with an *allegro con brio* that outstripped my wits. I found it a highly tantalising broadcast. It recalled those early days when, as some particularly alluring dish came to table, a grim, grown-up voice announced: 'Too rich for you, dear!' And yet I enjoyed listening. My wits, though hopelessly bamboozled, were given an invigorating wash and brush up.

A Home Service discussion on the following evening—'Initiation into the Twentieth Century'—required no philosophical training in the listener. Boris Gussman (anthropologist), Meredith Hyde-Clarke (an authority on labour and man-power), and Ernest Eyle (a West Indian journalist), discussed with great perceptiveness the tricky problem of acclimatising the simple peoples of Asia and Africa to the present way of life of us sophisticated westerners. The speakers gave extremely interesting examples of the complications and misunderstandings that arise when primitive people encounter a civilisation which is entirely outside their traditions and ways of thinking. To take a single example: a tribesman accustomed to share the fruits of his labour with the tribe does not understand even the meaning of *earning* a living. Money is for him nothing more than little bits of metal which might be used to make a necklace and, if he wished to acquire some of them, he might buy them with, or rather exchange them for, a goat. Anthropology and psychology nowadays enable Europeans to understand and allow for this conflict of tradition and ideas and so ease the transition from a primitive to a twentieth-century society.

Another example of an encounter of twentieth-century civilisation with a more primitive type of man was discussed in the programme called 'Piltown', the final chapter in the fascinating

detective story of the Piltown skull, jaw, and other finds. With Gavin de Beer, F.R.S., in the chair, W. E. Le Gros Clark, F.R.S., Professor of Anatomy at Oxford, the geologist Kenneth P. Oakley, and the physical anthropologist J. S. Weiner, traced, each from his special angle, the steps that led to the solution. The story is a striking example of the proverb 'A little learning is a dangerous thing'. The state of scientific knowledge in 1912 made it possible for an ingenious, learned, and infinitely patient practical-joker to fool the scientists, or at least some of them, by monkeying with (so to speak) and then planting in the gravel-pit at Piltown a random collection of bones and teeth. But not all the scientists were caught. Some of them maintained that skull and jaw could not have belonged to the same creature. None the less, Piltown Man at once assumed an important and embarrassing position in the history of primitive man. But, alas, the scientists of today, with their X-ray and fluorine tests and their electron-microscopes, have reduced him not only to insignificance but to total nonentity. Step by step they have exposed the ingenious manipulation of the joker, caught him in the act of patiently whittling the elephant's thigh-bone with a modern knife into a primitive implement, filing down the sharp ape's teeth into a more human flatness and cunningly applying the various stains with which he imparted the tones of antiquity to the various objects. It was fascinating to follow the process of gradual and finally complete exposure. The only question that remains unanswered is 'Who dunnit?'

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

A Royal Occasion

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV who, whatever his other failings, was not deficient in a sense of humour, must have chuckled in his ghostly beard at the notion of his 'Golden Cockerel', once banned by the Imperial censor, being chosen for performance at a State Gala in the presence of two reigning sovereigns. But, where the grotesque cap does not fit, there's no harm in putting it on show, and the august audience, to judge from the gusts of laughter that came over the air, seemed to enjoy the absurd antics of Pushkin's 'little king'.

The audience at home was offered only the first act, which began so punctually that there was no time for Miss Audrey Russell to get through her description of the scene before Igor Markevitch raised his baton. So, like M. Jourdain, we had the two things simultaneously, Miss Russell persevering with her tale of royal gowns and doing a Bannister to get through the narrative of the plot in time for us to hear Hugues Cuenod's high-pitched voice explaining the astrologer's cabalistic arts. It was a near thing—and, only in the athletic sense, 'a good show'.

As the Queen of Shemakhan makes only a silent appearance as the subject of King Dodon's erotic dream, the honours of the performance went to M. Cuenod. He has exactly the right type of voice demanded by the composer, a 'tenor-altino', and he managed, despite the high tessitura of the music, to make his words more clearly audible than did his British colleagues singing at more normal pitches. It is all very well for King Dodon to be bluff and gruff, but we should like to hear more than one in ten of his words, especially as his lines are, in Edward Agate's translation, very wittily turned. Moreover, the music is for the most part not intrinsically interesting enough, once the first impact of its delicious orchestration has been softened by familiarity, to hold one's attention without the help of the verbal wit of the text. Not that the music was not very well played.

By contrast with the Covent Garden singers, those of the English Opera Group, who were heard in Lennox Berkeley's 'A Dinner Engagement' on the following evening, won full marks for the exceptional clarity of their diction. All the points in Paul Dehn's amusing playlet came across. Not that this was technically as good a relay as those we heard from Covent Garden on the two preceding evenings. At least the results at the receiving end were less satisfactory, and the same defects recurred in the broadcast of 'The Rape of Lucretia', which was also relayed from the Festival at York.

Berkeley's music is lucid in texture, as one would expect, and appropriately light in manner without descending to triviality. He can write melodies, which are charming, touched with sentiment and sufficiently distinguished to raise the piece, whose libretto is, taken by itself, hardly more than charade, above the level of triviality. The tune of the so-called 'Monte-

blancan shepherd's song' is the cleverest imaginable imitation of a French traditional song, so like its model that one can hardly believe it is not an example of the real thing.

And yet, and yet—as a dramatic composition 'A Dinner Engagement' did not quite come off. I do not think this was due either to an unsatisfactory relay, or to the fact that one was at the disadvantage of hearing it without seeing the stage-action. The weakness of the little piece seemed to me one which would not be affected by these considerations. It is a matter of pace—pace in movement from one delightful lyrical movement to the next. It is a constructional matter of great importance, especially in comic opera, to create tension and excitement as each dramatic point is approached. It is, perhaps, a technical procedure which can be learnt only by experience and this is, after all, Berkeley's first essay in comedy. He needs also to clarify his ensemble-writing, which is here too cluttered up

with inner parts. Such writing is all very well in choral music, though even there greater clarity is desirable, but it is certainly bad 'theatre'.

It has been an operatic week again; and the only important orchestral work I heard was Busoni's immense and impressive Concerto for pianoforte, chorus, and orchestra, in which the solo was most brilliantly played by Pietro Scarpini. The work is a hybrid, the composer filling a 'colossal' Teutonic form with Italianate material. But, then, was not the music of Mozart and even much of Bach's also hybrid? The trouble with Busoni's Concerto is that it is so large and difficult and expensive that we are unlikely ever to hear it often enough to get on familiar terms with it. Perhaps, as this admirable performance under Previtali's direction was a recording, the Third Programme will give us a chance of hearing it again.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Hindemith: A Disillusioned Composer

By COLIN MASON

'Das Unaufhörliche' will be broadcast at 9.10 p.m. on Monday, July 12, in the Third Programme

HINDEMITH'S career might be described as the gradual subjugation of a creative musician of genius to a misguided rationalist and confused philosopher. A certain didactic inclination, already apparent early in his work, in the various sets of *Spielmusik* and other educational pieces, and a predilection for moral philosophising, revealed in the early operatic and other texts that he set, grew gradually stronger until they led him to write the book *Unterweisung im Tonsatz* (1937), a comprehensive theory of harmony, and more recently the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard (1949-50), published as *A Composer's World*, in which, among other things, he expounds a philosophical conception of the nature of music. In the preface to this 'an elaborate textbook on the technique of composition, based on the theories presented in this book' is promised for the future.

The suggestion in these books of a loss of faith in the virtue of sheer spontaneous musical inspiration is confirmed in the music itself, in which the bold, free, exuberant invention of the early works becomes gradually more inhibited. 'Das Unaufhörliche', written in 1931, shows an early stage of the transformation. The choice of Gottfried Benn's text, obscurely proclaiming an unconsoling super-human philosophy, jeering with heavy irony at human illusions of what is enduring, including (besides learning, science, religion, and love) art, reveals Hindemith's first doubts, which are reflected in a weakening of the imaginative vitality of the music and an attempt to replace, or at least control, imagination by reason and calculation. Like all Hindemith's music, it is very satisfying to play, and the observant musician continually finds himself noting, with conscious admiration, the buoyancy and stamina of the melody, the economy and range of the harmony, and the perfect proportions of the musical design. The second number, for solo soprano and tenor, is a typical example. A serene main theme, of eight bars, occurs twice, sung first by the soprano and later by the tenor, when it is followed by an eight-bar extension sung by both in unison, the whole being enclosed by an eight-bar prelude and recitative, of greater harmonic intensity, and a four-bar epilogue, repeating the prelude, with a six-bar development of the recitative, in which the harmonic tension reaches its peak, as the central section of the movement, separating the

two occurrences of the main theme. It is a perfect design. Equally admirable are the musical means by which Hindemith establishes the two sharply contrasted moods on so small a scale. The serenity of the main theme is suggested by flowing part-writing consisting mainly of diatonic scales moving in opposite directions at different speeds, the intensity of the recitative-like passages by sustained common chords held against winding melodic lines that strike sharply against them with conflicting notes.

In all this the piece ideally exemplifies the theories of composition that Hindemith was later to formulate; and in this lies its imaginative weakness, and that of all his later music. Imagination, although not lacking, is no longer free, but is subject to reason and theory, which it defies more and more rarely. The listener, in spite of all his admiration, is not carried away, because Hindemith does not allow himself to be carried away. In other parts of 'Das Unaufhörliche' there are still a few passages where he does—the few bars in No. 9 where the bass sings 'Vergänglichkeit'; the coda to No. 10; parts of No. 15, notably the singer's last two phrases, with their richly sensuous harmony; and the soprano solo, *Es trägt die Nacht* (No. 4).

This is arguably the least substantial piece, in musical content, in the entire work, yet it is the most memorable. What distinguishes it, in common with the other passages mentioned, from the remainder of the work, is the release of the composer's imagination to delight in sheer sensuous musical sound. This is found with decreasing frequency in Hindemith's later music. For his mistrust of spontaneous musical imagination is founded on a more radical scepticism, a questioning of the importance, or even of the relevance, to music, of sound itself.

The most remarkable and revealing expression of this recurrent theme in Hindemith's writing is to be found in an essay on Bach delivered as a speech at Hamburg in the bicentenary year. There he suggests that the reason for the falling off in the quantity of Bach's output in the last ten years of his life was that he had by then attained perfection in his art, and that from that time his creative activity needed no material manifestation to satisfy him ('finally even realisation in a work of art is not needed as a proof of its existence'). From this he draws a moral for the modern

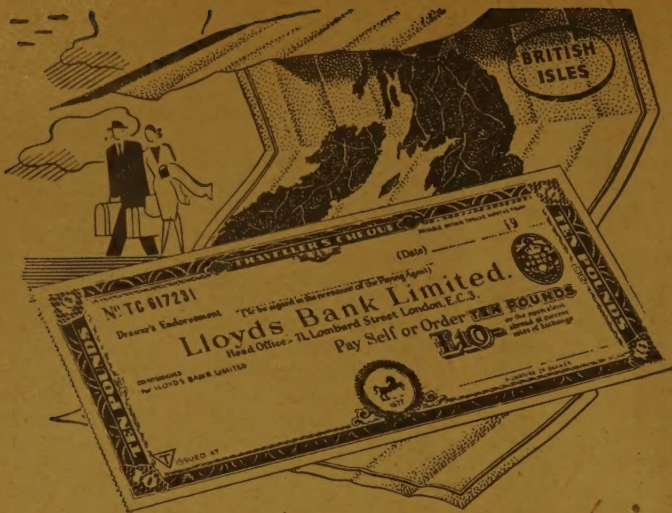
composer and listener. For the composer it is to be resolved to seek the same road to perfection. . . . Questions of style, Bach's or anyone else's, under these aspects lose all meaning. So does concern with the externals of music, with beauty and ugliness, weight and lightness, with the Apollonian and Dionysian. . . . One single type of music will emerge: music which in the sense of Bach's musical ethos, his most valuable bequest, is right.

For the listener it is

to measure all music against the values that Bach has demonstrated. The outward hull of music, sound, will then shrink to nothingness. If originally it was the element which drew us toward music, which alone seemed to satisfy our longings, it is now only a vessel for something more important; our own betterment. Such betterment will make us intolerant of lesser music, idle tinkling, uncontrolled and unskilled composition. But it will also open our minds to music using symbols that are yet unknown to us, wrapped in strange sounds that we must first learn to decipher.

It is clear that what Hindemith believes that Bach experienced, or that we should all experience, is what has happened to himself. For him sound has shrunk to nothingness, and musical composition has become an abstract philosophical activity, a manifestation not of imagination, that may be only good or bad, but of reason, that is either right or wrong. His own music is the 'right' music that he believes will emerge, infallibly logical and free from all imperfections. And it is he who, having attained that 'rightness', and declining to be seduced beyond it by his imagination, may feel that he has reached the stage where he has nothing essential to add to his creative work. In his realisation that what is permanent in music is immaterial, he has come to despise its material. There is a warning passage in *A Composer's World* where, after discussing the transitoriness of all ideals of sound throughout the history of music, he points out that in spite of this, for musicians of all times their instruments, collectively, constitute a world of natural growth, the appropriateness of which they must not question so long as they retain their belief in any dignified mission of musical art. How could a misanthropic mind that loses this belief ever maintain a fruitful connection with music!

Misanthropic is a hard word. It is rather Hindemith's misfortune that he has lost his joy in the one permanent instrument of his art, sound.



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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

HOW TO DRESS A CRAB

CRABS ARE IN SEASON from April to September, and the best crabs are the heavy ones. You should always buy the crabs with the claws and legs on—and the bigger the claws, the more meat you will have. On a fresh crab, the claws and legs should be stiff and firm, and the eyes should be bright. Male crabs have larger claws than the females, but have less body meat. You may not like the liver part, in which case the male crab should be your choice.

To prepare and dress it, first open the crab at the tail, by prising the body from the upper shell carefully. Split the body centre into four or five parts, and with a fork remove the white flesh, making sure there is no shell mixed in. Crack the claws and remove all the inside. Take out the yellow matter, which is the liver, and put it through a sieve. Mix into the liver 1 tablespoon of mayonnaise and 1-2 tablespoons of fresh breadcrumbs. Chop the white meat and mix it with this mayonnaise. Clean out the shells, by washing them in warm water, then fill the outside edges with the white meat and mayonnaise. Place the liver paste in the centre. Decorate the top with slices of hard-boiled egg, cucumber, and tomatoes. Place these dressed crabs on a bed of shredded lettuce.

Here is a recipe for a hot sauce to serve with either hot crab, lobster, prawns, or shrimps. To $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint white sauce add 1 teaspoon of diluted mustard and 2 oz. of grated cheese. Boil 1 oz. shallots in a glass of wine with 1 good pint of chopped parsley and the juice of 1 lemon. Add this to the sauce and season with salt, pepper, and cayenne pepper. Add the diced crab, lobster, prawns, or shrimps to this sauce. Clean some lobster or crab shells, and place a very thin

layer of mixed mustard in the bottom of each. Fill them with the shellfish and sauce. Sprinkle them with grated parmesan cheese and a few knobs of butter and brown them in the oven for 10 to 12 minutes.

JEAN CONIL

ON BEING A GOOD SHOPPER

What are the points that go to make a good shopper? I think the first one is that you have to be good at mental arithmetic. If, like me, you are not so good at arithmetic, it does take courage to say 'Haven't you made a mistake?' We must refuse to be flustered, ask the assistants to do their additions more slowly, and determine not to feel embarrassed when we count our change.

My next point concerns value and quality. Can you afford to give your family an occasional treat? The best way to do this, on a modest budget, is to snap up luxuries when they are in season at their cheapest. Do not limit your shopping to just the mundane things. There are certain times when it is not nearly as extravagant as it sounds to replace them by black grapes, pineapples, Dover soles, crabs.

Do you take advantage of gluts? Last year there was a period when you could have bottled tomatoes when they were sixpence a pound or less. Preserving takes time, but it does save money, and it is a cheap way of getting luxury during the winter months.

To my mind, a good shopper is not the one who never complains. Most of us tell the grocer when an egg is bad, and almost certainly he replaces it. In the same way, why should we not expect a greengrocer to replace, say, bad potatoes? It is the same when goods are not up to the standard for which we pay.

The first step towards good, fresh produce is to find a shopkeeper you can trust. None the less, he will think more of you if you already know what to look for and how to pick and choose. I am all for loyalty, once you have found a shop that treats you well. But if you mean to save money it is essential to keep a watchful eye on the value offered by other shops.

LOUISE DAVIES

Notes on Contributors

PIERRE EMMANUEL (page 43): French poet and author of *Universal Singular* (autobiography), etc.

E. L. MALLALIEU, Q.C. (page 45): M.P. (Labour) Brigg Division of Lincolnshire since 1948; Governor, Royal Agricultural Society of England; Director of Farming, College of St. Columba, 1944-1945

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF (page 47): chairman and managing director, Associated Catholic Newspapers since 1953; author of *Talking at Random*, etc.

ERIC ASHBY (page 53): President and Vice-Chancellor, Queen's University, Belfast, since 1950; Harrison Professor of Botany, Manchester University, 1946-1950; author of *Scientist in Russia*, etc.

J. R. ROSSITER (page 55): senior assistant at the Liverpool Observatory and Tidal Institute

WILLIAM PLOMER (page 57): poet and author of *Museum Pieces, Four Countries*, etc.

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH (page 59): Professor of Mediaeval History, Liverpool University; author of *The Mediaeval Empire*, etc.

Rev. H. CHADWICK (page 66): lecturer in divinity, Cambridge University

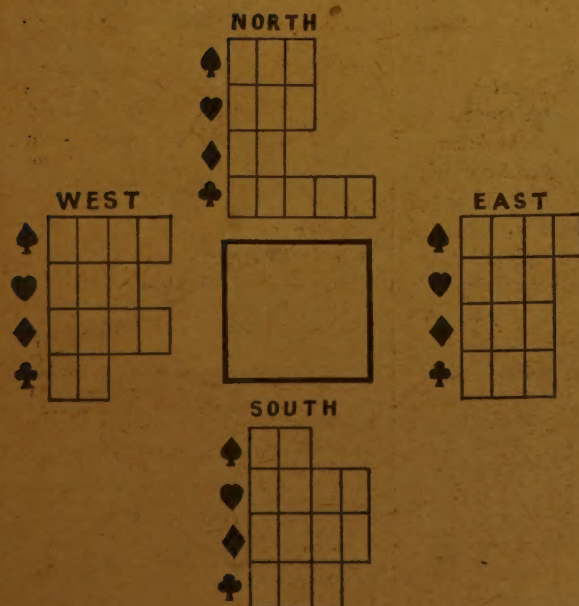
Crossword No. 1,262.

For Bidding?

By Egma

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, July 15



The fifty-two cards in a pack are given letter values so that the black cards, beginning with the ace of spades and ending with the deuce of clubs, run from A to Z. Similarly, the red cards are lettered A to Z, beginning with the top card of the major suit and ending with the lowest card of the minor suit.

The letters of the cards in the suits held by North, South, East, and West form words or abbreviations. Punctuation is to be disregarded.

Solve the hands held by all four players, setting out the cards in the usual ranking order.

(All words and abbreviations appear in Chambers's Mid-Century Dictionary.)

CLUES

N.

- ♠ Dance (3)
- ♥ Load of liquor (3)
- ♦ Measure (2)
- ♣ Old Dutch? (5)

S.

- ♠ Volume (2)
- ♥ Vain (4)
- ♦ All Blacks? (2 abbrevs., 2, 2)
- ♣ Box (3)

W. holds pairs of Aces, Kings, Queens, and deuces.

E. holds all four nines.

Solution of No. 1,260

L	A	N	D	O	F	M	Y	F	A	T	H	E	R	S
A	E	V	O	R	A	M	E							
Y	E	O	M	E	N	O	F	E	N	G	L	A	N	D
M	G	A	R	N	E	O	N	B						
A	D	A	I	R	O	D	D	R	O	U	S	E		
N	E	I	F	O	E	E	R							
G	A	R	D	A	M	O	M	F	L	A	G			
C	E	Y	S	O										
L	O	F	T		D	A	H	A	B	E	A	H		
O	I	R	E	R	S	N	M							
S	E	N	N	A	L	E	I	O	H	A	R	A		
E	E	D	I	E	L	D	R							
F	I	N	D	I	N	G	S	K	E	E	P	I	N	G
I	I	A	H	E	T	E	O							
T	A	B	U	L	A	T	E	D	R	E	S	U	L	T

NOTES

4D. 'Ah Moon of my delight that knows no wane'. 5D. 'Pleasures of Hope'. 6D. Tagore's 'The Judge', translation. 7D. Charlotte Brontë's *Villette*. 8D. D.B.E. is 'most excellent'. 9A. Sir Edward German's 'Merrie England'. 10A. Variations of the original 'Robin Adair'. 12A. 'Venus and Adonis'. 25A. Theodore O'Hara, 1847.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Mrs. P. D. Sheaton (Walsall); 2nd prize: Mrs. N. Dawe (London, N.W.4); 3rd prize: M.ss M. L. Townsend (London, S.W.19)

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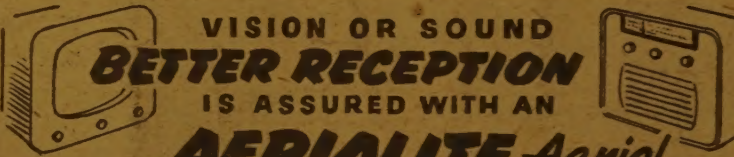
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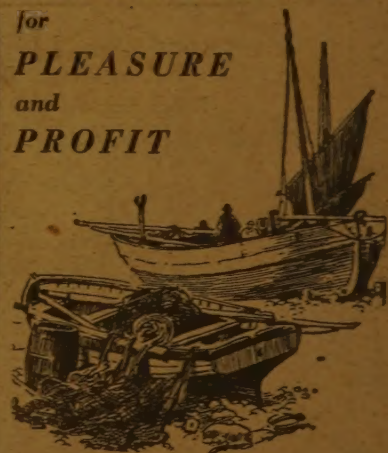
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